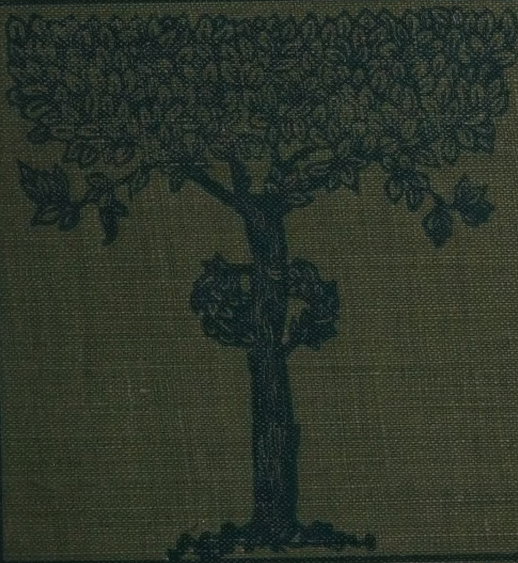
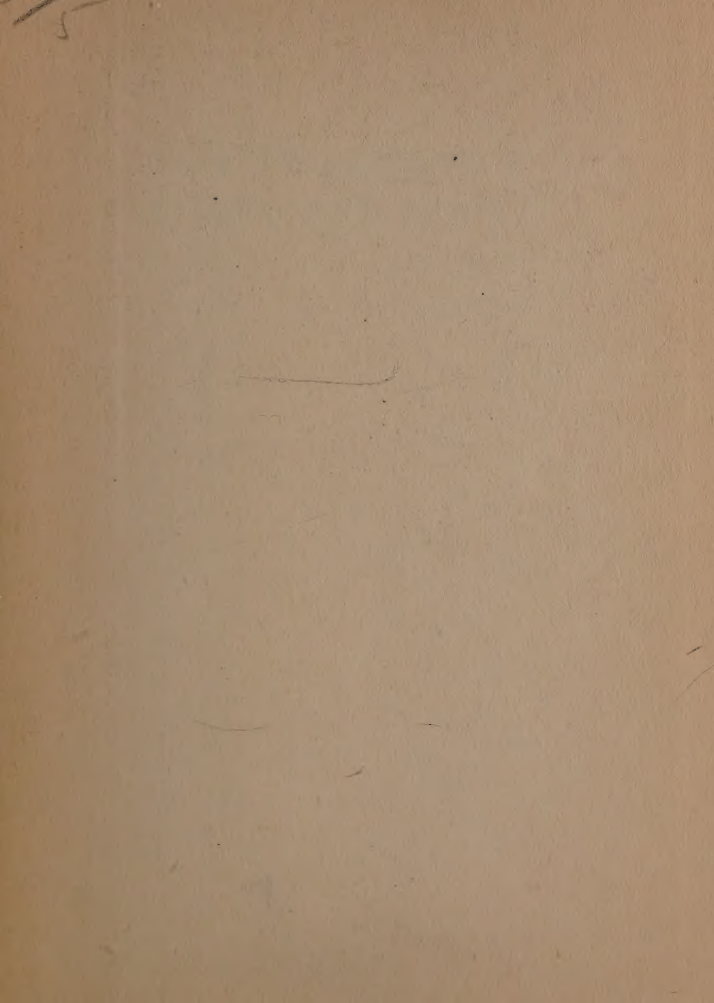


ROMEO
AND
JULIET



THE ARDEN
SHAKESPEARE

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**THE TRAGEDY OF
ROMEO AND JULIET**

THE ARDEN SHAKESPEARE

General Editor, C. H. HERFORD, Litt.D., University of Manchester

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

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GENERAL PREFACE

IN this edition of SHAKESPEARE an attempt is made to present the greater plays of the dramatist in their literary aspect, and not merely as material for the study of philology or grammar. Criticism purely verbal and textual has only been included to such an extent as may serve to help the student in the appreciation of the essential poetry. Questions of date and literary history have been fully dealt with in the Introductions, but the larger space has been devoted to the interpretative rather than the matter-of-fact order of scholarship. Æsthetic judgments are never final, but the Editors have attempted to suggest points of view from which the analysis of dramatic motive and dramatic character may be profitably undertaken. In the Notes likewise, while it is hoped that all unfamiliar expressions and allusions have been adequately explained, yet it has been thought even more important to consider the dramatic value of each scene, and the part which it plays in relation to the whole. These general principles are common to the whole series; in detail each Editor is alone responsible for the play or plays that have been intrusted to him.

Every volume of the series has been provided with a Glossary, an Essay upon Metre, and an Index; and Appendices have been added upon points of special interest which could not conveniently be treated in the Introduction or the Notes. The text is based by the several Editors on that of the *Globe* edition.

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INTRODUCTION

1. HISTORY OF THE PLAY

THE earliest edition¹ of *Romeo and Juliet*, so far as is known, is in quarto form, dated 1597, with the title :

“AN | EXCELLENT | conceited Tragedie | of | Romeo and Iuliet, |
As it hath been often (with great applause) | plaid publicuely, by
the right Ho- | nourable the L. of *Hunsdon* | his Seruants. | LON-
DON, | Printed by Iohn Danter. | 1597.”

A second Quarto was issued two years later, bearing the title :
“THE | MOST EX- | cellent and lamentable | Tragedie, of Romeo
| and *Iuliet*. | *Newly corrected, augmented, and amended :* | As it
hath bene sundry times publicuely acted, by the | right Honour-
able the Lord Chamberlaine | his Seruants. | LONDON | Printed by
Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to | be sold at his
shop neare the Exchange. | 1599.”

In 1609 a third Quarto appeared, substituting for the Lord Chamberlain's Servants on its title-page, “the *KINGS* Maiesties Seruants,” the new name of Shakespeare's company of actors. Probably some years later was published an undated Quarto, on some copies of which appear for the first time the words, “Written by *W. Shake-speare*.” A fifth Quarto was issued in 1637. The play was also printed in the first collection of Shakespeare's plays, made by Heminge and Condell in what is known as the First Folio (F 1), or Folio of 1623, and in all subsequent collected editions.

Careful investigation by many scholars has shown pretty clearly the relationship of these texts to one another. The 1597 Quarto (Q 1) stands alone, and all editors agree that the Quarto of 1599 (Q 2)

¹ Published entire in Furness's *Variorum Edition* of *Romeo and Juliet*. Parallel texts of the first two Quartos have been published and critically edited by Tycho Mommsen : *Shakespeares Romeo and Julia* (1859), and P. A. Daniel, New Shakspeare Society, Series II, 1 (1874). Readings of Q 1 which differ most widely from the accepted text will be found in Appendix A.

possesses much greater authority. The third Quarto (Q 3) is based on the text of the second, the undated Quarto and F 1 on Q 3, and all later Quartos and Folios on those that preceded them. That is to say, all accepted texts are based ultimately on Q 2.

The statement on the title-page of Q 2 that the drama was "newly corrected, augmented, and amended," after the composition of Q 1, is believed to be perfectly true. Mr. P. A. Daniel, who has excellently edited the parallel texts, counts 3007 lines in Q 2, and only 2232 lines in Q 1. After minute investigation he finds unmistakable evidence that certain parts of the play were revised by the author. But it is not generally believed that Q 1 represents the play as Shakespeare wrote it before revision. The more commonly accepted view is that Q 1 is a piratical edition "made up partly from copies of the original play, partly from recollection and from notes taken during the performance." However, the text of Q 1 is important for comparative purposes, not only because it contains many lines as they stood before revision by Shakespeare, but because in many other cases evident corruptions in the texts of Qq Ff have been corrected by turning to the corresponding lines in Q 1.

Romeo and Juliet seems to have been presented on the London stage some time between July, 1596, and April, 1597, by Shakespeare's company. The part played by one actor in early performances is known, for in Qq 2, 3 the stage-direction after iv. 5. 101, *Enter Peter*, reads *Enter Will Kemp*. Kemp was a famous comedian who also played Dogberry in *Much Ado*. Mr. William Poel¹ conjectures that Shakespeare himself took the part of Benvolio, both on account of a supposed temperamental similarity between the two, and because of Benvolio's hazel eyes² and grandfatherly³ appearance. But this is not to be proved.

One of the first English allusions to the play is that found in Marston's *Scourge of Villanie* (1598), as follows:

"I set thy lips abroad, from whence doth flow
Naught but pure Juliet and Romeo."

A further reference in the same passage to "Curtaine plaudeties" has been taken to mean that The Curtain was the theatre in which the tragedy was being played.⁴ The play is again mentioned in

¹ *Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society*, 1887-92, ii. 235-6.

² Cf. iii. 1. 21.

³ Cf. ii. 4. 33.

⁴ Cf. Murray, *English Dramatic Companies 1558-1642* (1910), i. 96. The title-page of Q 3 (1609) tells us that the play was then acted at the Globe.

Weever's *Epigrams* (1599), and echoed in the plays of *Wily Beguiled* and *The Wisdom of Doctor Dodipoll*. The popularity thus attested is believed to have continued till the closing of the theatres in 1642. Meanwhile an English company of actors playing at Dresden in 1626 presented a somewhat debased version of the play in the German tongue.¹

Immediately after the re-opening of the London theatres *Romeo and Juliet* must have been revived, for Pepys saw the first performance and wrote in his Diary, March 1, 1662: "Thence to the Opera, and there saw *Romeo and Juliet*, the first time it was ever acted, but it is a play of itself the worst that ever I heard and the worst acted that ever I saw these people do, and I am resolved to go no more to see the first time of acting, for they were all of them out more or less." In this company Harris was playing Romeo, Betterton Mercutio, and Miss Saunderson Juliet.²

Shortly after this time James Howard altered the play to a tragedy-comedy, which saved the lives of both lovers, and it is recorded that Howard's version and Shakespeare's were actually played on alternate nights. But the most notable recasting of the play was done by Thomas Otway, author of *Venice Preserved*. In a play called *The History and Fall of Caius Marius*, Otway attempted to graft the plot of this tragedy on the story of one of Plutarch's Roman heroes, frankly acknowledging in his prologue that about half the play was *Romeo and Juliet*. *Caius Marius* was first played at Dorset Garden in 1680, with Betterton and Mrs. Barry taking important parts. Later it was on the boards at both Drury Lane and the Haymarket with Mrs. Bracegirdle, again with Mrs. Porter, in the heroine's rôle, but, strange to say, each time the Nurse was played by a man. Though this hybrid continued to be acted at least as late as 1717 and drove Shakespeare's play from the stage for sixty years, modern readers find in it little to enhance Otway's reputation.

At last in 1744 Theophilus Cibber at the Haymarket revived Shakespeare's play, with the addition of a few lines from Otway. Here, as in Otway and in Da Porto before him, Juliet is made to awake before Romeo dies from the poison. The revival was attended with great success, and at Drury Lane four years later it

¹ Printed entire, with English translation in parallel columns, by Cohn, *Shakespeare in Germany* (1865), pp. 310 ff. An elaborate examination of this German version is made by M. J. Wolff, *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, xlvii. (1911), 92 ff.

² Genest, *History of the English Stage* (1832), i. 42.

was acted nineteen times with Barry and Mrs. Cibber in the leading parts. A notable example of stage rivalry began Sept. 28, 1750, when Barry and Mrs. Cibber at Covent Garden vied with Garrick and Miss Bellamy at Drury Lane in presenting this play night after night till October 9 in their respective theatres. From that day to this the play has remained a favorite with London theatre-goers.

Nor has its popularity been confined to England. The first known English company of actors coming to America in 1752, under the leadership of Lewis Hallam, presented this as one of three Shakespearian plays in New York;¹ and when Philadelphia built its first permanent theatre, the Southwark, in 1766, this was among the first plays given there.² By the end of the eighteenth century the drama had been translated into both German and French. In Germany it has been almost second to *Hamlet* in popularity. Goethe arranged the play for performance in the Weimar Theatre in 1811,³ and this version held possession of the Berlin stage till 1849. Ducis produced a French adaptation of it in 1771, it has been translated into French four or five times, and there are many echoes of Shakespeare's language, especially of the balcony scene, in one modern French play, Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

2. THE DATE OF THE PLAY

The date of composition of the play cannot be determined with certainty. One limit is fixed by the statement on the title-page of Q 1 that it was played by "the L. of Hunsdon his servants." Now we know that this company of actors was so called only between July, 1596, and April, 1597, because the First Lord Hunsdon, who was Lord Chamberlain, died July 22, 1596, his son became Lord Chamberlain on April 17, 1597, and except in the interval the actors were called the Lord Chamberlain's servants. So the play must have been on the stage during that period. But whether it was an entirely new play then, whether it had been played for several years,

¹ See Seilhamer, G. O., *History of the American Theatre* (1888), i. 47. *Romeo and Juliet* was the only one of the three repeated during the season. The other plays were *Richard III* and *Lear*.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 154, 155, showing that it was played three times that season, as was true of no other Shakespearian drama. It had been played in Charleston in 1764. See *The Nation*, xcvi. 201 (New York, 1913).

³ Summarized in Furness's *Variorum Romeo and Juliet*, pp. 443 ff.

or whether it had already been revised from its original form are questions hard to solve. Internal evidence gives some assistance. Many critics have seen in the Nurse's words, " 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years " (i. 3. 23 ; note on that line) a definite reference to the earthquake of 1580, which terrified all England. On that ground they have dated the original composition of the play at 1591, an assumption scarcely warranted by the nature of the evidence. Yet the frequency of rhyme and word quibbling in the play, its metrical characteristics in general, the passionate nature of its emotion, all argue for composition during Shakespeare's youth. We shall not go far astray then in assigning it to the period between 1593 and 1595, with revision some two or three years after the original version was put on the stage.

3. SOURCES OF THE PLOT

In various forms the essential incidents of *Romeo and Juliet* appeared in literary history long before Shakespeare's birth. We may be sure that Shakespeare himself was unacquainted with most of these versions, yet it is interesting to trace their appearance in literature.¹

What is apparently the earliest literary form of the story is the *novellino* of Massuccio of Salerno (1476), in which two Siennese lovers, Mariotto Mignanelli and Gianozza Saraceni, are secretly wedded and then separated on the hero's flight to Alexandria following his committal of homicide. To avoid wedding another man, chosen for her by her father, Gianozza resorts to a sleeping potion furnished by a friar, is delivered from the tomb, and escapes to Alexandria in disguise of a monk. Her messenger to Mariotto is captured by pirates, her husband receives a false report of her death, comes to her tomb, and attempting to break it open is captured and beheaded. The wife dies in a convent of a broken heart. But Luigi da Porto, in his *Istoria di due nobili amanti* (circa 1530), first localized the story in Verona, named the lovers Romeo and Giulietta, and assigned a family feud as the motive for the secret marriage. Da Porto mentions no Nurse, but his Count of Lodrone corresponds to Paris. Romeo's courtship lasts for many days, and his banishment occurs some time after the secret

¹ In a Greek romance by Xenophon of Ephesus, the story of *Abrocomas and Anthia*, first printed in 1726, the heroine escapes from an undesired wedding by means of a sleeping potion.

wedding. Before the poison has slain her husband, Giulietta awakens in the tomb, and a pathetic dialogue ensues, followed by the death of both. In 1554 came the important prose version of Bandello, who develops the story at some length and employs almost all the characters and incidents that appear in the versions to which Shakespeare is immediately indebted. For example, Bandello mentions characters corresponding to Rosaline and Benvolio, and dwells on Romeo's first love, Paris is so christened, and the Nurse is created.

From Italian the tale now passed into other languages. Pierre Boaistuau translated Bandello into French prose in his *Histoires Tragiques* (1559), making two important changes from his source. Bandello had followed Da Porto in having Juliet waken before Romeo's death, converse with him for some minutes, and after his death expire from grief. Boaistuau makes her awaken to find her husband already dead, and upon discovering this fact, to slay herself with his dagger.¹ From Boaistuau came two, and possibly three, English redactions which were known to Shakespeare. Evidence that Shakespeare was acquainted with any foreign version is exceedingly weak.

First in importance of these English redactions is Arthur Brooke's poem, *Romeus and Juliet*, published in 1562.² On his title-page Brooke tells us that the "history" was "written first in Italian by Bandell," but his lines are evidently based on Boaistuau's French rather than on Bandello's Italian. In some places

¹ Attempts have been made to prove that Shakespeare was indebted to another dramatic version of the tale, blind Grotto's tragedy, *La Hadriana*, but the weight of critical opinion is against this theory. The theme served also as the plot of two Spanish plays, Lope de Vega's tragi-comedy, *Castelvines y Monteses*, and *Los Bandos de Verona* by Francisco de Rojas. A comic Italian version, *Li tragici successi* (Venice, 1611), is discussed by Miss Winifred Smith in *Modern Philology*, vii. 217-20 (October, 1909). The statement made by Girolamo de la Corte in his history of Verona (1594, 1596), that the story is historically true, is not now accepted. Prince Escalus had historical origin in the person of Bartolomeo de la Scala, who ruled Verona about 1303, but otherwise the plot is the product of fiction.

² A fairly complete summary of the poem is given in Appendix B of this volume, though no attempt is there made to quote all lines or expressions apparently echoed in the play. The entire poem has been reprinted and edited several times, notably by P. A. Daniel for the New Shakspeare Society, Series II, 1 (1875), and more recently by J. J. Munro, in *The Shakespeare Classics* (1908).

Brooke's poem is a very close translation of Boaiſtuau, but as a rule he translates freely, as may easily be ſeen by a comparison of the poem with the much more literal proſe translation by Painter. Brooke moves with ſpecial freedom in his treatment of the Nurse. He it is to whom we are firſt indebted for accounts of her converſations with Romeo and with Juliet about Romeo, and for mention of her bribery by the lover on her firſt viſit to him. Brooke found her in Boaiſtuau a kindly old woman, willing to aid her "nurse-child" in the ſecret love affair; he left her a typically garrulous, vulgar, ſordid female attendant whoſe very wickedneſs amuſes rather than repels. Shakeſpeare's whole conception of her character was caught from the pages of Brooke. Yet, as Mr. Munro ſays in an admirable diſcuſſion of the merits and defects of Brooke's work,¹ "There is nothing truly organic about the whole poem; its parts are out of proportion; it is looſe in its conſtruction, and vagarious in its progreſs. Its atmosphere is that of melodrama, and there is not one truly noble perſon in it."

Boaiſtuau's tale was again translated into Engliſh by William Painter under the title of *Rhomeo and Julietta* in the ſecond volume of the *Palace of Pleaſure* (1567). As already ſtated, this proſe verſion of the tale follows cloſely Boaiſtuau's French, and it is not ſurpriſing that Shakeſpeare relied on the more vivacious, even though more prolix, narrative of Brooke rather than on Painter. However, it is probable that he did read Painter's novel before compoſing the drama.²

Was an Engliſh play on the ſubject written before Shakeſpeare's? This queſtion ſeems to be answered affirmatively by Brooke's poſitive ſtatement in the preface to his poem, "Though I ſaw the ſame argument lately ſet forth on ſtage with more commendation than I can look for—being there much better ſet forth than I have or can do—yet the ſame matter penned as it is may ſerve to like good effect." Theſe words imply that it was an Engliſh rather than a foreign play that Brooke ſaw, yet this play, like the vaſt majority of its contemporary dramas, is no longer extant. If the play was ſtill in exiſtence thirty years after Brooke ſaw it, we may be ſure, from all that we know of Shakeſpeare's habits of workmanſhip, that he would likely have taken advantage of any hint that he could get from reading this old drama or ſeeing it acted. For many years ſcholars have thought that this loſt play, if ever recovered, would prove to be another one of his ſources.

¹ Brooke's *Romeus and Juliet*, Introd., p. li.

² The problem is further diſcuſſed in Appendix C.

In its original form the play has not been recovered, nor is it likely to be. But recently Dr. Harold De Wolf Fuller has pointed out¹ that a well known Dutch play, *Romeo en Juliette*, published in 1634, and written by Jacob Struijs, is in all probability not a debased version founded on Shakespeare, as has been generally thought, but an almost literal translation of a pre-Shakespearian English play. If one accepts this statement, it will be difficult for him not to reach the further conclusions that Struijs's "original" was the lost play seen by Brooke as early as 1562, and that it served as a source for Shakespeare. For Dr. Fuller makes it clear that either Shakespeare knew the "original," or else Struijs was indebted to Brooke, Boaistuau, and Shakespeare, all three.

Acceptance of Dr. Fuller's theory requires belief in three propositions: viz., (1) that a pre-Shakespearian English play of *Romeo and Juliet* existed, as one would infer from Brooke's statement; (2) that Shakespeare knew and made use of the play; (3) that Struijs translated into Dutch this early English play about 1630 in ignorance of Shakespeare's greater work on the same subject. Of these propositions the third is by far the most difficult of proof. Without attempting to follow in detail Dr. Fuller's subtle argument on this point let it suffice to say that he makes it certain either that Shakespeare adopted numerous hints, stage devices, and scenic arrangements from the earlier play, or that Struijs was indebted to Shakespeare. But these marks of the indebtedness of one playwright to the other are of such a nature as to impress any one who knows both Shakespeare and the earlier English drama with the strength of Dr. Fuller's contention. In numerous places the Dutch play agrees with Boaistuau's and with Brooke's versions of the story, but not with Shakespeare; that a Dutch dramatist should use these narrative versions as sources is unlikely. Besides, many of Struijs's lines contain just the hints and turns of expression that acted most like magic to Shakespeare's quick fancy. Had Struijs, on the other hand, known Shakespeare's work, he would almost certainly have made more use of it than he has done. But while one must admit that Dr. Fuller has suggested a rational solution for a series of baffling problems, yet, for the present at

¹ In *Modern Philology*, iv. 75-120 (1906). A brief summary of the Dutch play, based on Dr. Fuller's summary will be found in Appendix B of this volume. Prof. J. W. Cunliffe, in a note in *The Modern Language Review*, vii. 324 (1912), shows that Brooke was admitted to the plays of the Inns of Court at Christmas, 1561, and may then have seen the play that he mentions.

least, his conclusions must be accepted with caution. From their very nature they do not admit of the proof that attends some other results of Shakespearian research.

If Shakespeare, then, was indebted to Brooke's poem, to Painter's prose narrative, and probably also to the lost play on the same subject, the question arises as to the extent of his use of each source. Malone, though he was ignorant of Struijs, long ago settled all doubts in favor of Brooke. The names assigned to various characters by Shakespeare, the circumstance of Capulet's writing down the names of his guests, and scores of verbal similarities between the two versions point to Shakespeare's preference for the poetic version. To the older English play Dr. Fuller accounts Shakespeare indebted for suggestions as to Romeo's description of Juliet at the feast, for the meeting of the lovers by night, for Friar Lawrence's soliloquy before his cell, for Tybalt's motive for attack on Romeo, for the visit of the Nurse to the Friar's cell during Romeo's lamentations, for the parting words of the lovers, and for the circumstance of Mercutio's death at Tybalt's hands. To Painter the debt is apparently much smaller than to either of the other sources, but in two or three incidents the language of Shakespeare supports the natural inference that at one time he had read Painter's novel.

4. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

All this accounting of items to show the dramatist's dependence on his predecessors may cause the reader to assign small credit to Shakespeare for what he has done in this play. Yet no course could involve greater misunderstandings of the master's art. Like other great literary men, particularly the Elizabethans, Shakespeare seldom or never takes the trouble to "make up" the stories with which he works. He is willing to borrow from any convenient material not only names and incidents for his drama, but suggestions for character development, hints for motives, and if the source chances to be another play, numerous bits of "stage business." The careful study of his work reveals a phenomenal memory for details of this type, and a yet more marvelous quickness in perception of the possibilities lying in a casual phrase and adaptable to the acted drama. Grasping at once the latent meaning of a mere turn of expression in what he reads or hears, he visualizes the situation as no one else has done. Then he moulds the separate incidents into a form approaching the perfection of nar-

rative and dramatic art. From his interpretation the characters and events in some familiar story become to our eyes so real and so vitalized that henceforth we associate this story with Shakespeare's name.

Supreme artistry of this type is illustrated in the play before us. From Brooke's *Romeus and Juliet* come all the essentials of Shakespeare's plot, and even the kernels of his phraseology in numerous lines. And yet in Shakespeare the entire conception of the men and women and their actions has been transformed, enriched, and purified; while the verses in which the characters speak are never the tedious, hobbling lines of Brooke, but often bursts of highest lyric poetry. Brooke's coloring of the story may be gathered from the words of his preface: "And to this end, good Reader, is this tragical matter written, to describe unto thee a couple of unfortunate lovers, thralling themselves to dishonest desire; neglecting the authority and advice of parents and friends; conferring their principal counsels with drunken gossips and superstitious friars (the naturally fit instruments of unchastity); attempting all adventures of peril for th' attaining of their wished lust; using auricular confession, the key of whoredom and treason, for furtherance of their purpose; abusing the honourable name of lawful marriage to cloak the shame of stolen contracts; finally by all means of dishonest life hastening to most unhappy death."¹ Shakespeare, taking the plot directly from Brooke, has made it world-famous in poetry and drama as a story of unsullied though passionate love. While the emotions are burning at no less intensity than those in the similar narratives of *Troilus and Criseyde*, and *Tristan and Iseult*, *Romeo and Juliet* differs from them in its strict adherence to moral laws and in its freedom from grosser elements. Moreover, Shakespeare has deftly suffused the play in a "tone color" of moonlit Italian gardens, in perfect harmony with the theme.

The work is more than a dramatic poem. Its undying interest on the stage from 1597 down to the present hour, when Miss Marlowe's interpretation of Juliet delights widely scattered audiences, attests its strong qualities as an acting drama. When one passes either from the tiresome account of Brooke or from the loosely constructed earlier dramas of Shakespeare to this tragedy, one is quick to note its organic nature, the rapidity of its movement, and the sureness of hand that characterizes most of its scenes. Despite

¹ Munro, p. lxvi.

some unmodern characteristics, on the boards to-day the *Romeo and Juliet*, acted by even a second-rate company, will obtain a strong reaction from many who are never struck spellbound by the magic of the poet's name. Its success as a stage play must be due to the human interest of its appeal.

Of Shakespeare's skill in creating humorous dramatic situations, two examples may suffice. Juliet, in Brooke's poem, laments Tybalt's death at Romeo's hand and denounces her kinsman's slayer in much the same language as she uses in iii. 2. Suddenly she checks herself and accuses "her cruel murdering tongue" of slandering her husband. Now Shakespeare presents that precise situation with this important difference: Juliet's abuse of her husband does not cease until she hears the Nurse echo her sentiments and exclaim, "Shame come to Romeo!" Immediately the wife is stung to reply, "Blister'd be thy tongue for such a wish," rebuking first the Nurse and then herself for uttering such words. The second situation, again involving the Nurse, is equally true to life but essentially comic, and the humor is worthy of Chaucer. To prevent Romeo from committing suicide on hearing his doom of banishment and to direct him to a path of safety, the Friar makes a speech of some fifty lines, pointing out the cowardice and foolishness of self-slaughter, and its inevitable consequence on Juliet. He concludes this rather lengthy harangue by telling the Nurse to inform Juliet that Romeo will visit her. In open-eyed astonishment the old woman ejaculates, not what we expect, but —

"O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!"

Yet when critically examined as a tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet*, despite the excellent construction of its opening scene and the direct movement toward its catastrophe, falls below the plane of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and other plays belonging to the period of Shakespeare's finest art. Certain faults in the dramatic structure of *Romeo and Juliet*, critics have frankly recognized. It has been pointed out, for example, that the tragedy really turns upon accident, upon a succession of unfortunate incidents, any one of which might have resulted differently and wrought out ultimate happiness to hero and heroine. Now in Shakespeare's later tragedies the outcome does not depend on chance, but is the inevitable result of some trait in the hero's character. A less important structural blemish concerns the climax of this play. The counterplot

meets the main plot in the last scene of Act iii, where the heroine faces the alternative of immediate forced marriage with Paris, or disinheritance and threatened death from her father. At that moment no escape seems possible. But the turning point of the lovers' fortunes has come in an earlier scene marked by sharp excitement and rapid action, the rekindling of bitter hatred between the rival houses, the killing of two important characters, and the banishment of the hero from Verona. The juxtaposition of these two climaxes mars the unity of the whole. Other faults that we may find with the play, like the injection of low comedy into such a serious scene as iv. 5, the fondness of Mercutio and Friar Laurence for long, undramatic speeches, the digressions in iii. 5, resulting from satire on contemporary fashions, may be accredited to conventions of the time. Shakespeare is not Ibsen and does not attempt to reduce his plots to the simplest possible terms. That is to say, most imperfections are due either to Shakespeare's inexperience as a dramatist, or to Elizabethan habits of play-making.

Analysis of the characters reveals even more clearly the youthfulness of the author. Juliet, so thoroughly delightful in her girlishness, is the embodiment of unstained youthful passion. Her nature presents no complexities, and after her first meeting with Romeo she has but one interest in life. Her lover, on the other hand, draws from her all his spiritual strength, and as soon as he feels himself out of touch with her grows utterly hopeless. Renewed communion with Juliet transforms him into a man, direct, alert, and resourceful. News of her death begets desperate resolution. When the servant and Paris attempt to interfere with his course, they are brushed aside as boys. The womanly tenderness of his last speech marks no decline in his masculinity; he boldly drinks the poison, and after a dozen words lies dead embracing his wife's body. Each lover finds in the other one complete satisfaction for all ambitions and desires. The minor characters in the play serve mainly as foils to the larger figures. Phlegmatic Benvolio is opposed first to the fury of Tybalt, then to the melancholy of Romeo, and finally to the wit of Mercutio. Affectionate Lady Montague presents a complement to spiteful Lady Capulet. The impetuosity of the hero is well set off by the gentleness of his rival for Juliet's hand, and the opposition between them makes Romeo's killing of Paris a dramatic necessity. This creation of one artificial character to fit the needs of another again betrays the playwright's immaturity.

If this estimate be correct, the play is entitled to higher rank

as a sympathetic portrayal of youthful love than as a great world tragedy. The tone of its most exalted poetic passages would befit a romantic comedy like *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. With such comedies and not with the other tragedies, this drama should be compared, if we would realize its significance in the development of Shakespeare's art.

Judged simply as poetry, *Romeo and Juliet* takes a high place in English verse. The imperishable lines of the famous "balcony scene"; Juliet's passionate soliloquy while awaiting her husband's visit, a passage remarkable for its delicacy in treating a subject so closely akin to the sensual; the pathetic verses in which the lovers part at daybreak to meet no more — these are instances of love poetry of the highest artistic value. Mr. Gollancz has pointed out the strong lyric element in the complete and fragmentary sonnets, the epithalamium of Juliet, the suggestion of *aubade* on the morning after the marriage. Other types of poetry are seen in Mercutio's oft-quoted description of Queen Mab, in the moving scene where Juliet drinks the sleeping-potion after painting in realistic imagery the possible horrors attending her, in Romeo's terribly intense, compressed speeches throughout the last act. The intrinsic beauty of such passages can scarcely be pointed out to those whose appreciation does not arise from their own reading and study; but few to whom English poetry ever makes appeal will remain insensible to these lines.

"Here's much to do with hate but more with love." Our real concern is with the two chief actors in the tragedy, and it matters little to us whether childish old Capulet and his ancient enemy will finally become reconciled. Most readers would prefer to follow the well-established custom of modern stage presentations and have the curtain rung down and the lights put out at the point where Juliet sheathes Romeo's dagger in her own bosom. From the lovers' standpoint this ending may be thought of as happy. The bond that unites them has proved sufficient to withstand the jarrings of family hatred and the naturally strong ties of filial obligation. It has enabled them to triumph over all outward circumstances, even over the resentment stirred by the slaying of a favorite kinsman. The very stars that have apparently conspired against the fortunes of the pair are at last defied. In their death Romeo and Juliet are not divided. Their love is immortal.

**THE TRAGEDY OF
ROMEO AND JULIET**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ESCALUS	Prince of Verona
PARIS	. .	A young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince
MONTAGUE	} Heads of two houses, at variance with each other	
CAPULET		
An Old Man	Cousin to Capulet
ROMEO	Son to Montague
MERCUTIO,	Kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo	
BENVOLIO,	Nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo	
TYBALT	Nephew to Lady Capulet
FRIAR LAURENCE	}	Franciscans
FRIAR JOHN		
BALTHASAR	Servant to Romeo
SAMPSON	}	Servants to Capulet
GREGORY		
PETER	Servant to Juliet's nurse
ABRAHAM	Servant to Montague
An Apothecary		
Three Musicians		
Page to Paris; another Page; an Officer		
LADY MONTAGUE	Wife to Montague
LADY CAPULET	Wife to Capulet
JULIET	Daughter to Capulet
Nurse to Juliet		
Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.		

Chorus

SCENE — VERONA : MANTUA



ROMEO AND JULIET

PROLOGUE

Enter. CHORUS

Chor. Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage, 10
Which, but their children's end, nought could re-
move,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.
[Exit.]

ACT I

SCENE I — *Verona. A public place*

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY of the house of CAPULET, armed with swords and bucklers

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we 'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we 'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me. 10

Gre. To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore 20 I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

Sam. 'T is all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden- 30
heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand :
and 't is known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'T is well thou art not fish; if thou hadst,
thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here
comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will
back thee. 40

Gre. How! turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them
begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take
it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb
at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear
it. 50

Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. [*Aside to GRE.*] Is the law of our side, if I
say ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir;
but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

60

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good
a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Gre. Say "better": here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. \ Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember
thy swashing blow. [They fight. 70

Enter BENVOLIO

Ben. Part, fools!

Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

[Beats down their swords.

Enter TYBALT

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heart-
less hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the
word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward.

[They fight.

*Enter several of both houses, who join the fray ;
then enter Citizens, with clubs*

First Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat
them down!

80

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long
sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for
a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE

Mon. Thou villain Capulet, — Hold me not, let
me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, with Attendants

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel, —
Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you
beasts,

85

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your movéd prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,

Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments, 100
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. 110

*[Exeunt all but Montague, Lady Montague,
and Benvolio.]*

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows, 120
Came more and more and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,

A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son: 130
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,
That most are busied when they're most alone,
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun 140
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him. 150

Ben. Have you importuned him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself — I will not say how true —
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow, 160

We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO

Ben. See, where he comes: so please you, step
aside;

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away.

[Exeunt Montague and Lady.]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's
hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes
them short. 170

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out —

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!

Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all. 180

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression. 190

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too-much of mine own.
Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall and a preserving sweet. 200
Farewell, my coz.

Ben. Soft! I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan! why, no;
But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman. 210

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.

Rom. A right good mark-man! And she's fair
I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be
hit

With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold: 220
O, she is rich in beauty, only poor,
That when she dies with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still
live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge
waste,

For beauty starved with her severity
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now. 230

Ben. Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'T is the way
To call hers exquisite, in question more.
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows
Being black put us in mind they hide the fair;

He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

240

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II — *A Street*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 't is not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 't is you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

10

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early
made.

The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice

Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast, 20
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number
more.

At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven
light:

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see, 30
And like her most whose merit most shall be:
Which on more view, of many mine being one
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me. [*To Serv., giving a paper*] Go,
sirrah, trudge about

Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*]

Serv. Find them out whose names are written
here! It is written, that the shoemaker should med-
dle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the 40
fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets;
but I am sent to find those persons whose names
are here writ, and can never find what names the
writing person hath here writ. I must to the
learned. — In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's
burning,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;

One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye, 50
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-
man is;

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented and—God-den, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you
read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery. 60

Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without
book: but, I pray, can you read any thing you
see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*

“Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;
County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the
lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and
his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valen- 70
tine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daugh-
ters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Va-

lento, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena."

A fair assembly: whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

80

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! [*Exit.*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:

Go thither; and with unattainted eye
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

90

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to
fires;

And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poised with herself in either eye;
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,

100

And she shall scant show well that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III — *A room in Capulet's house*

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old,

I bade her come. What, lamb! what, lady-bird!
God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter JULIET

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter: — nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret: — nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou'st hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

10

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, —
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four, —
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.

Susan and she — God rest all Christian souls! —

Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;

She was too good for me: but, as I said, 20

On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;

That shall she, marry; I remember it well.

'T is since the earthquake now eleven years;

And she was wean'd, — I never shall forget it, —

Of all the days of the year, upon that day:

For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,

Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall:

My lord and you were then at Mantua: —

Nay, I do bear a brain: — but, as I said,

When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple 30

Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,

To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug!

“Shake” quoth the dove-house: 't was no need, I
 throw,

To bid me trudge:

And since that time it is eleven years;

For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,

She could have run and waddled all about;

For even the day before, she broke her brow:

And then my husband — God be with his soul!

'A was a merry man — took up the child: 40

“Yea,” quoth he, “dost thou fall upon thy face?

Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;

Wilt thou not, Jule?” and, by my holidame,

The pretty wretch left crying and said “Ay.”

To see, now, how a jest shall come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: "Wilt thou not, Jule?"
 quoth he;

And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said "Ay."

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy
 peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but
 laugh,

50

To think it should leave crying, and say "Ay."

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;

A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly:

"Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy face?

Thou wilt fall backward, when thou comest to age;

Wilt thou not, Jule?" it stinted, and said "Ay."

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse,
 say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to
 his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed: 60

An I might live to see thee married once,

I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that "marry" is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy
 teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger
 than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,

70

Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief:
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world — why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a
flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very
flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the
gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast; 80
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every several lineament
And see how one another lends content,
And what obscured in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea, and 't is much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide: 90
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less! nay, bigger; women grow by
men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris'
love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:

But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper ¹⁰⁰
served up, you called, my young lady asked for,
the nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in
extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you,
follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee. [*Exit Servant.*] Juliet,
the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy
days. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV — *A Street*

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six
Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our
excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
We 'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:
But let them measure us by what they will;
We 'll measure them a measure, and be gone. 10

Rom. Give me a torch: I am not for this
ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes

With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead
So stokes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpiercé with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound, 20
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden
love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with
love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.

Give me a case to put my visage in:
A visor for a visor! what care I 30
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons light of
heart

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's
own word:

40

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 't is no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dream'd a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I. 50

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things
true.

Mer. O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with
you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes,
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the smallest spider's web,
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,

60

Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night 70
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of
love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies
straight,
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep, 80
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs, 90
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes:
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:

This is she —

Rom. Peace, peace! Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos 100
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talk of, blows us from our-
selves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels and expire the term
Of a despised life closed in my breast, 110
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V — *A hall in Capulet's house*

Musicians waiting. Enter Serving-men, with napkins

First Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps
not to take away? he shift a trencher? he scrape
a trencher!

Sec. Serv. When good manners shall lie all in

one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 't is a foul thing.

First Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone 10 and Nell. Antony, and Potpan!

Sec. Serv. Ay, boy, ready.

First Serv. You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

Sec. Serv. We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

Enter CAPULET, with JULIET and others of his house, meeting the Guests and Maskers

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes

Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you.

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all 20

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,

She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day

That I have worn a visor, and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please: 't is gone, 't is gone, 't is gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play.

A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.

[Music plays, and they dance.]

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot. 30
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing-days:
How long is 't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

Sec. Cap. By 'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 't is not so much, 't is not so
much:

'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

Sec. Cap. 'T is more, 't is more: his son is elder,
sir; 40

His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. [*To a Serving-man*] What lady is that,
which doth enrich the hand

Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn
bright!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows, 50
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin. 60

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm
you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth: 70
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest:
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endured:
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to. 80
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 't is a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy: is 't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what:
You must contrary me! marry, 't is time.
Well said, my hearts! You are a princox; go:
Be quiet, or — More light, more light! For shame!
I 'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts! 90

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meet-
ing
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

Rom. [*To Juliet*] If I profane with my un-
worthiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this; 100
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do
touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers
too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in
prayer.

Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands
do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for
prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took. 110

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:

I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her

Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt. 120

Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

Is it e'en so? Why, then, I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.

More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;

I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman? 130

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What 's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petrucio.

Jul. What 's he that follows there, that would
not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name: if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate! 140
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathéd enemy.

Nurse. What 's this? what 's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danced withal.

[One calls within "Juliet."

Nurse. Anon, anon!

Come, let 's away; the strangers all are gone.

[Exeunt.

ACT II

PROLOGUE

Enter CHORUS

Chor. Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair for which love groaned for and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is beloved, and loves again,
Alike bewitch'd by the charm of looks,
But to his foe supposed he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear; 10
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-belov'd any where:
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I — *A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard*

Enter ROMEO

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;
And on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

Cry but "Ay me!" pronounce but "love" and
"dove;"

10

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,

When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

20

That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 't would anger him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle

Of some strange nature, letting it there stand

Till she had laid it and conjured it down;

That were some spite: my invocation

Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name

I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these
trees,

30

To be consorted with the humorous night:

Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.
O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
An open *et cætera*, thou a poperin pear!
Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go? 40

Ben. Go, then; for 't is in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II — *Capulet's orchard*

Enter ROMEO

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
[*Juliet appears above, at a window.*]
But, soft! what light through yonder window
breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!

10

She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven 20
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O! that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ay me!

Rom. She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a wingéd messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him 30
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*Aside.*] Shall I hear more, or shall I
speak at this?

Jul. 'T is but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot, 40
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized; 50
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in
night
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred
words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague? 60

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and
wherefore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch
these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee. 70

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee
here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
sight;

And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogué, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this
place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to in-
quire; 80

He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my
face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay," 90
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,

So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true 100
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops —

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant
moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb, 110
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love —

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, "It lightens." Sweet, good night! 120
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love? 130

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have:

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

My love as deep; the more I give to thee,

The more I have, for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls within.]

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!

Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again. *[Exit, above.]*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,

Being in night, all this is but a dream, 140

Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,

And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. *[Within]* Madam!

Jul. I come, anon. — But if thou mean'st not
well,

150

I do beseech thee —

Nurse. [*Within*] Madam!

Jul. By and by, I come: —

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:

To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul —

Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit, above.*]

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy
light.

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their
books,

But love from love, toward school with heavy
looks. [*Retiring.*]

Re-enter JULIET, above

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's
voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again!

160

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;

Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,

With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear?

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 't is twenty years till then. 170
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'T is almost morning; I would have thee
gone:

And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, 180
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet
sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

[*Exit above.*]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast!

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.* 190

SCENE III — *Friar Laurence's cell**Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a basket*

Fri. L. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,

Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And fleckéd darkness like a drunkard reels

From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,

The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,

I must up-fill this osier cage of ours

With baleful weeds and precious-juicéd flowers.

The earth that 's nature's mother is her tomb;

What is her burying grave that is her womb,

10

And from her womb children of divers kind

We sucking on her natural bosom find,

Many for many virtues excellent,

None but for some and yet all different.

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies

In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live

But to the earth some special good doth give,

Nor aught so good, but, strained from that fair use

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:

20

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;

And vice sometimes by action dignified.

Within the infant rind of this small flower

Poison hath residence and medicine power:

For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
part;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart

Two such opposéd kings encamp them still

In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant. 30

Enter ROMEO

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. L. Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-roused by some distemperature; 40
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. L. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. L. That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me, 50
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love
is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;

And all combined, save what thou must combine 66

By holy marriage: when and where and how

We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,

I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,

That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,

So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine

Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline! 70

How much salt water thrown away in waste,

To season love, that of it doth not taste!

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;

Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit

Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:

If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,

Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:

And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence, then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men. 86

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. L. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

Fri. L. O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be; 90
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. L. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run
fast. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV — A Street

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench,
that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a
letter. 10

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master,
how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead;

stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of complements. 20
He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal *passado!* the *punto reverso!* the *hai!*

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! "By 30
Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!" Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these perdona-mi's who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

Enter ROMEO

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring: O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he 40
for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his lady was a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido a dowdy;

Cleopatra a gipsy; Helen and Hero hildings and harlots; Thisbe a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

50

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

60

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing sole singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness.

70

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase,

I am done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou wast not there for the goose. 80

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here 's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word "broad;" which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide 90 a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair. 100

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here 's goodly gear!

Enter NURSE and PETER

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

110

Peter. Anon!

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan 's
the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy
hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you! 120

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made
for himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; "for him-
self to mar," quoth 'a? Gentlemen, can any of you
tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will
be older when you have found him than he was
when you sought him: I am the youngest of that
name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well. 130

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i'
faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confi-
dence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [Sings. 140]

“An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.”

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner, thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [*singing*] 150
“lady, lady, lady.”

[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.]

Nurse. Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find 160 those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another

man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that ¹⁷⁰ every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word; and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak ¹⁸⁰ dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee —

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer. 190

Rom. Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shrived, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse; behind the abbey wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee, 200
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains:
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark
you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear
say,

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel. 210

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest
lady — Lord, Lord! when 't was a little prating
thing: — O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris,
that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good
soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see
him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that
Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you,
when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in
the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo
begin both with a letter? 220

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker, that's the dog's name; R
is for the — No; I know it begins with some
other letter: — and she hath the prettiest sententious
of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you
good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit Romeo.*]
Peter!

Pet. Anon!

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before, and
apace. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V — *Capulet's orchard*

Enter JULIET

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the
nurse;

In half an hour she promised to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over louring hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve 10

Is three long hours, yet she is not come.

Had she affections and warm youthful blood,

She would be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me:

But old folks, many feign as they were dead;

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

O God, she comes!

Enter Nurse and PETER

O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. *[Exit Peter.]* 20

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse, — O Lord, why
look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile:

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy
news.

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse,
speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay
awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

30

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou
hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, is 't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice;
you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no,
not he; though his face be better than any man's, 40
yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a
foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked
on, yet they are past compare: he is not the
flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle
as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God.
What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head
have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. 50

My back o' t' other side, — O, my back, my back!

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my
love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and,
I warrant, a virtuous, — Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother! why, she is within; 60
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
“Your love says like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?”

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil! come, what says
Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-
day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence's
cell; 70

There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,

But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, fare-
well.

[*Exeunt.* 80

SCENE VI — *Friar Laurence's cell*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO

Fri. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. L. These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder, 10
Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET

Here comes the lady: O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

20

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heaped like mine and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words, 30
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make
short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I — *A public place*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that
when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me
his sword upon the table and says "God send me no
need of thee!" and by the operation of the second
cup draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is
no need.

10

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy
mood, as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be
moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should
have none shortly, for one would kill the other.
Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that
hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than
thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for
cracking nuts, having no other reason but be- 20
cause thou hast hazel eyes: what eye but such
an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy
head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of

meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as
addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quar-
relled with a man for coughing in the street,
because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain
asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out with a
tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? 30
with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband?
and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art,
any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for
an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT and others

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to
them. 40

Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple
it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir,
an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without
giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo, —

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us min-
strels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear 50
nothing but discords: here 's my fiddlestick; here 's
that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,

And reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let
them gaze;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes
my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your
livery:

60

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship in that sense may call him "man."

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this, — thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love
thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and
draw.

70

Rom. I do protest, I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet, — which name I tender
As dearly as mine own, — be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away. [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your 80
nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and,
as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of
the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his
pilcher by the éars? make haste, lest mine be
about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage! 90
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:
Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

[*Tybalt under Romeo's arm stabs Mercutio,
and flies with his followers.*

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 't is
enough.

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so
wide as a church-door; but 't is enough, 't will 100
serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find
me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for
this world. A plague o' both your houses!
'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch

a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio, 110
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,
And soundly too: your houses!

[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, — Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel! 120

Re-enter BENVOLIO

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth
depend;
This but begins the woe others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again. 130

Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!

Re-enter TYBALT

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul

Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him
here,

Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight; Tybalt falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.

Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee
death,

If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away! 140

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay? [*Exit Romeo.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

First Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

First Cit. Up, sir, go with me;

I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter PRINCE, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their
Wives, and others*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all

The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:

There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,

That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio. 150

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's
child!

O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spilt
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did
slay;

Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure: all this, uttered 160
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly
bow'd,

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
"Hold, friends! friends, part!" and, swifter than
his tongue, 170

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain,
And as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die. 180

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end, 190
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
But I 'll amerce you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses:
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last. 200
Bear hence this body and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II — *Capulet's orchard*

Enter JULIET

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging: such a waggoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night, 10
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown
bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in
night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd
night, 20
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes 30
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, with cords

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?
the cords

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse.

Ay, ay, the cords.

[Throws them down.]

Jul. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring
thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he 's dead, he 's dead,
he 's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone! —

Alack the day! he 's gone, he 's kill'd, he 's dead!

Jul. Can Heaven be so envious?

Nurse.

Romeo can, 40

Though Heaven cannot: O, Romeo, Romeo!

Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me
thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I,'

And that bare vowel "I" shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:

I am not I, if there be such an I;

Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, "I."

If he be slain, say "I"; or if not, no:

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes, —
God save the mark! — here on his manly breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,

All in gore blood; I swoounded at the sight.

Jul. O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break
at once!

To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier! 60

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?

Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished. 70

Jul. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! wolvis-ravens lamb!

Despis'd substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damn'd saint, an honourable villain!

O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell, 80

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was ever book containing such vile matter

So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
Ah! where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ*:
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me
old.

Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue 90
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 't is a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd
your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
name,
When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin? 100
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you mistaking offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my
husband:

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O, it presses to my memory, 110
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:

“Tybalt is dead, and Romeo — banishéd;”
That ‘banishéd,’ that one word “banishéd,”
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt’s death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there;
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship
And needly will be rank’d with other griefs,
Why follow’d not, when she said “Tybalt’s dead,”
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have moved? 120
But, with a rearward following Tybalt’s death,
“Romeo is banishéd,” to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. “Romeo is banishéd!”
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word’s death; no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt’s corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine
shall be spent, 130

When theirs are dry, for Romeo’s banishment.
Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowéd.
Come, cords, come, nurse; I’ll to my wedding
bed;

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I’ll find Romeo
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night: 140
I’ll to him; he is hid at Laurence’ cell.

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III — *Friar Laurence's cell*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. L. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. L. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips, 10
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say "death;"
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more, than death: do not say "banishment."

Fri. L. Here from Verona art thou banishéd:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence—banishéd is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death: then banishéd 20
Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'T is torture, and not mercy: heaven is
here,

Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog 30
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her;
But Romeo may not: more validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion-flies than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banishéd: 40
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banishéd:
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground
knife,

No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But "banished" to kill me? — "banished"?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,

Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd, 50
To mangle me with that word "banishéd"?

Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak
a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. L. I'll give thee armour to keep off that
word;

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banishéd.

Rom. Yet "banishéd"? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more. 60

Fri. L. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men
have no eyes?

Fri. L. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost
not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murderéd,
Doting like me and like me banishéd,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear
thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. 70

[*Knocking within.*

Fri. L. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide
thyself.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick
groans,

Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[*Knocking.*

Fri. L. Hark, how they knock! Who's there?

Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up;

[*Knocking.*

Run to my study. By and by. God's will,

What simpleness is this! I come, I come!

[*Knocking.*

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's
your will?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall
know my errand;

I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. L.

Welcome then.

80

Enter Nurse

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo?

Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own
tears made drunk.

Nurse. O! he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case! O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

90

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end
of all.

Rom. Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up, 100
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. L. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote 110
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth; the heaven, and
earth?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet 120
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, 130
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy: 140
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time 150
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,

Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the
night

To hear good counsel: O, what learning is! 160
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit.*

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this!

Fri. L. Go hence; good night; and here stands
all your state:

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time 170
Every good hap to you that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 't is late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV — *A room in Capulet's house*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS

Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:

Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I: — well, we were born to die.

'T is very late, she 'll not come down to-night:

I promise you, but for your company,

I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;

10

To-night she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;

Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;

And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next —

But, soft! what day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday! ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,

O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.

20

Will you be ready? do you like this haste?

We 'll keep no great ado, — a friend or two;

For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our kinsman, if we revel much:

Therefore we 'll have some half a dozen friends,

And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it, then. 30

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me! it is so very very late,
That we may call it early by and by.
Good night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V — *Capulet's orchard*

Enter ROMEO and JULIET above, at the window

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops. 16
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow; 20
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:

I have more care to stay than will to go:
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is 't, my soul? let 's talk; it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say the lark and loathéd toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had changed voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

80

Rom. More light and light: more dark and dark
our woes!

Enter Nurse, to the chamber

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your
chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.* 40

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll
descend. [*He goeth down.*

Jul. Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband,
friend!

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O, by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Rom. Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings, love, to thee. 50

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall
serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul!

Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit.*

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle: 60

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,

But send him back.

La. Cap. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter, are you up?

Jul. Who is 't that calls? is it my lady mother?

Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's
death? 70

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with
tears?

And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him
live;

Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of
love;

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss but not the
friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much
for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him. 80

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. [*Aside.*] Villain and he be many miles
asunder. —

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;

And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer
lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my
hands:

Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear
thou not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,

Where that same banished runagate doth live, 90

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:

And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied

With Romeo, till I behold him — dead —

Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vexed:
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors 100
To hear him named, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find
such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father,
child;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy, 110
That thou expect'st not nor I looked not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
morn,

The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed 120
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so
yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle
dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.
How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears? 130
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives
you thanks. 140
I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you,
wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that
you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?

150

“Proud,” and “I thank you,” and “I thank you not;”

And yet “not proud:” mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

160

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient
wretch!

I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

170

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your
tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye god-den.

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided 180
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet in her fortune's tender,
To answer "I'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me."
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with
me: 190

Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to 't, bethink you: I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away! 200
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*]

Jul. O God! — O nurse, how shall this be prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me. 210
Alack, alack, that Heaven should practise strata-
gems

Upon so soft a subject as myself!

What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?

Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here it is.

Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman! 220

Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 't were as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too;

Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse.

What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone, 230
Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell
To make confession and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain. 240
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV

SCENE I — *Friar Laurence's cell*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri. L. You say you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway, 10
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. L. [*Aside.*] I would' I knew not why it
should be slow'd.
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday
next. 20

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. L. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that; so
For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter,
now.

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit.*

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this, 50
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time, 60
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. L. Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent. 70
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That copest with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,

From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears; 80
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me
tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. L. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give
consent

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow: 90
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall, 100
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncovered on the bier 110
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it. 120

Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

Fri. L. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength! and strength shall
help afford.

Farewell, dear father! [Exeunt.

SCENE II — *Hall in Capulet's house*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and two
Servingmen

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.

[Exit First Servant.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Sec. Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll
try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Sec. Serv. Marry, sir, 't is an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone. *[Exit Sec. Servant.]*
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time. 10
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Enter JULIET

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, 20
To beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this:
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on 't; this is well: stand up:

This is as 't should be. Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither. 30

Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time
enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church
to-morrow. [*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision:
'T is now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife: 40
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!
They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III — *Juliet's chamber*

Enter JULIET and Nurse

Jul. Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle
nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:

So please you, let me now be left alone,

And let the nurse this night sit up with you;

10

For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,

In this so sudden business.

La. Cap.

Good night:

Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

Jul. Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of life:

I'll call them back again to comfort me:

Nurse! What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

Come, vial.

20

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?

No, no; this shall forbid it: lie thou there.

[Laying down her dagger.]

What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man.

How if, when I am laid into the tomb, 50
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place, —
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones 40
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd:
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort; —
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad: —
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears? 50
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.]

SCENE IV — *Hall in Capulet's house**Enter* LADY CAPULET and Nurse

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock:
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd
ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick. 10

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in
your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

Enter three or four Servingmen, with spits, logs, and baskets

Now, fellow,

What's there?

First Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit First Serv.*]

Sirrah, fetch drier logs:

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

Sec. Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson,
ha!

Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith, 't is day: 20
The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would: I hear him near.

[*Music within.*]

Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste,
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V — *Juliet's chamber*

Enter Nurse

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I
warrant her, she:

Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!

Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why,
bride!

What, not a word? you take your pennyworths
now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest
That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,

Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!

I needs must wake her. Madam, madam, madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed;

10

He 'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?

[Undraws the curtains.]

What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down
again!

I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!

Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!

Some aqua vitæ, ho! My lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me! O me! my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!

11

Help, help! Call help.

Enter CAPULET

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord
is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack
the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead,
she's dead!

Cap. Ha! let me see her: out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:

Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woful time! 30

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make
me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians

Fri. L. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.

O son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;

My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,

And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's. 40

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's
face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful
day!

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw

In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to rejoice and solace in,

And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!

Most lamentable day, most woful day, 50

That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!

Never was seen so black a day as this:

O woful day, O woful day!

Par. Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd,
kill'd!

Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now 60
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.

Fri. L. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure
lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life. 70
The most you sought was her promotion;
For 't was your heaven she should be advanced:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She 's not well married that lives married long;
But she 's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is, 80
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary. 90

Fri. L. Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with
him;
And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris,
and Friar.*]

First Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and
be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*]

First Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be 100
amended.

Enter PETER

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians! "Heart's ease,
Heart's ease:" O, an you will have me live, play
"Heart's ease."

First Mus. Why "Heart's ease"?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays
"My heart is full of woe:" O, play me some merry
dump, to comfort me.

First Mus. Not a dump we: 't is no time to play
now.

Pet. You will not, then?

First Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

First Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith, but the glee; I will give you the minstrel.

First Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: 120
I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; do you note me?

First Mus. An you *re* us and *fa* us, you note us.

Sec. Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:

*"When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound"—*

130

Why, "silver sound"? why "music with her silver sound"? What say you, Simon Catling?

First Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

Sec. Mus. I say "silver sound," because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James Sound-post?

Third Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to say. 140

Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I

will say for you. It is "music with her silver sound," because musicians have no gold for sound

*"Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress."*

[Exit.

First Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!

Sec. Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here;
tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. *[Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I — *Mantua. A Street*

Enter ROMEO

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead —
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to
think! —

And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

10

Enter BALTHASAR, booted

News from Verona! — How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,

20

And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then, I defy you, stars!
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceived:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do. 30
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit Balthasar.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means: O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary, —
And hereabouts he dwells, — which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks, 40
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said

“ An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.”
O, this same thought did but forerun my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holiday, the beggar’s shop is shut.
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man. I see, that thou art
poor:

Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
As violently as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon’s womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua’s law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear’st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back;
The world is not thy friend nor the world’s law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,

And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's
souls,

80

Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not
sell.

I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II — *Friar Laurence's cell*

Enter FRIAR JOHN

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of Friar
John.

Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

Fri. J. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

10

Fri. L. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

Fri. J. I could not send it, — here it is again, —
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Fri. L. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence; 20
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

Fri. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Fri. L. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!
[*Exit.*

SCENE III — *A Churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets*

Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand
aloof:

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,

But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. [*Aside.*] I am almost afraid to stand alone 10
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I
strew, —

O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones; —
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,

Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

[*The Page whistles.*

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? 20
What, with a torch! muffle me, night, awhile.

[*Retires.*

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch, mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching
iron.

Hold, take this letter: early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face;
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger 30

A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you. 40

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take
thou that:

Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. [*Aside.*] For all this same, I'll hide me
hereabout:

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

[*Opens the tomb.*]

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which
grief,

50

It is supposed, the fair creature died;
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.

[*Comes forward.*]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I
hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence, and leave me: think upon these gone; 60
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee,
boy! *[They fight. 70*

Page. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the
watch. *[Exit. 75*

Par. O, I am slain. *[Falls.]* If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. *[Dies. 80*

Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;
A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.

Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[Laying Paris in the tomb.]

How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry! which their keepers call

A lightning before death: O, how may I 90

Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:

Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet

Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,

And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?

O, what more favour can I do to thee,

Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain

To sunder his that was thine enemy? 100

Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,

Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe

That unsubstantial death is amorous,

And that the lean abhorred monster keeps

Thee here in dark to be his paramour?

For fear of that, I still will stay with thee:

And never from this palace of dim night

Depart again: here, here will I remain

With worms that are thy chambermaids; O, here

Will I set up my everlasting rest, 110

And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars

From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your
last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you

The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss

A dateless bargain to engrossing death!

Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!

Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here 's to my love! [*Drinks.*] O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. 120
[*Dies.*]

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, FRIAR LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-
night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who 's
there?

Bal. Here 's one, a friend, and one that knows
you well.

Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my
friend,

What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there 's my
master,
One that you love.

Fri. L. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. L. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour. 130

Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir:

My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. L. Stay then; I'll go alone. Fear comes
upon me;

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. L. Romeo! [*Advances.*]
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains 140
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the tomb.*]

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? Ah! what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
The lady stirs. [*Juliet wakes.*]

Jul. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo? 150
[*Noise within.*]

Fri. L. I hear some noise. Lady, come from that
nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet [*Noise again*], I dare no
longer stay.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. 160

[*Exit Fri. L.*

What 's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:

O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop

To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;

Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,

To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*

Thy lips are warm.

First Watch. [*Within.*] Lead, boy: which way?

Jul. Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy
dagger! [*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*

This is thy sheath [*Stabs herself*]; there rust, and
let me die. 170

[*Falls on Romeo's body and dies.*

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch
doth burn.

First Watch. The ground is bloody; search about
the churchyard:

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find, attach.

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain:

And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,

Who here hath lain this two days buried.

Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets:

Raise up the Montagues: some others search:

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;

But the true ground of all these piteous woes

We cannot without circumstance descry. 180

Re-enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR

Sec. Watch. Here 's Romeo's man; we found him
in the churchyard.

First Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince
come hither.

Re-enter others of the Watch, with FRIAR LAURENCE

Third Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs,
and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

First Watch. A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE and Attendants

Prin. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek
abroad?

190

La. Cap. The people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prin. What fear is this which startles in our
ears?

First Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County
Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prin. Search, seek, and know how this foul
murder comes.

First Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd
Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs. 200

Cap. O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter
bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en, — for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague, —
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!
La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others

Prin. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night; 210
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prin. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in
this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prin. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true de-
scent;

And then will I be general of your woes
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear, 220
And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place

Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excused.

Prin. Then say at once what thou dost know
in this.

Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of
breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

230

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city,
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.

You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To County Paris: then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.

240

Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime, I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.

But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;

250

Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

260

Prin. We still have known thee for a holy
man.

270

Where 's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's
death;

And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.

Prin. Give me the letter; I will look on it.
Where is the county's page, that raised the watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

280

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
grave;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;

And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prin. This letter doth make good the friar's
words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet. 290
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with
love.

And I for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known, 300
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it
brings;

The sun for sorrow, will not show his head;
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

Some shall be pardon'd and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [Exeunt. 310]

NOTES

ABBREVIATIONS

Abbott	Abbott's <i>Shakespearian Grammar</i> , 3d edition.
Brooke	Arthur Brooke's poem, <i>Romeus and Juliet</i> , ed. Munro, J. J.
F 1 or F	First Folio (1623) of Shakespeare's plays.
F 2	Second Folio (1632).
Ff	Folios.
N. E. Dict.	<i>A New English Dictionary</i> , ed. Murray.
Q 1	First Quarto (1597) of <i>Romeo and Juliet</i> .
Q 2	Second Quarto (1599).
Q 3	Third Quarto (1607).
Q 4	Fourth Quarto.
Q 5	Fifth Quarto (1637).
Qq	Quartos.
Schmidt	Schmidt's <i>Shakespeare Lexicon</i> .

PROLOGUE

The object of a prologue is to give the audience in a few words, the subject and character of the play about to be presented. Since this prologue has no marked stylistic excellence, doubt is sometimes expressed as to its authorship. The form is identical with that of Shakespeare's sonnets, as is the epilogue to *Henry V*. See Appendix A, iv, for the form of the Prologue printed in Q 1.

4. *civil*, i. e. belonging to the state.

6. *star-cross'd*. The domination of evil stars governed the fate of the lovers. Belief that stars control our destiny is not unknown at the present day, but among the Elizabethans it had more general acceptance. In this play Romeo, especially, refers to it again and again. Shakespeare's interest in astrology is attested in *Sonnets* xiv and xv.

8. *do*. Rowe's correction from the older *doth*, which is retained

by some editors and is defensible on grounds of usage. But the succession of sounds, "*Doth with their death*," makes the line undeniably harsh.

12. *two hours*'. Of interest as indicating the length of performance of an Elizabethan play. Allusions in contemporary dramas point to the same conclusion. Cf. *Henry VIII*, Prologue:

"may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours."

ACT I—SCENE 1

This scene is an admirable example of dramatic skill in opening the play. A fight beginning among some ignorant servants and gradually involving most of the important personages in the Capulet and Montague families, not only introduces these characters, but at the same time explains the situation between the houses, emphasizes the senseless feud, and strikes the keynote of the tragedy. In contrast to the mad fury of most of his friends and foes is Romeo's affected melancholy, the result of unrequited love for a Capulet maiden. His presence in such an atmosphere is sure to bring misfortune. The fiery speeches of Tybalt and the explicit warning by Prince Escalus foreshadow the tragic developments of act iii. scene 1.

1. *carry coals*, put up with insults, bear affronts. The lowest menial servants were supposed to carry the coal, and hence to submit to any indignity. In the same connection may be explained the term *collier*, in the next line.

4. *choler*. As the pun would indicate, the pronunciation was then as now almost the same as that of "collar." Jonson has the same pun, *Every Man in His Humour*, iii. 5. 8-9.

15. *take the wall*, figurative for "getting the better of." In the narrow, undrained streets of this period the side of the road nearest the wall was safer and hence was much sought after when travellers met. But it was deemed one of the privileges of rank to "take the wall" side from those of meaner birth.

17. *the weakest goes to the wall*, a popular proverb of the time, and the title of an anonymous play, published in 1600.

20. *weaker vessels*, a Biblical allusion. See 1 *Peter*, iii. 7.

37. *poor John*, hake dried and salted, apparently the staple food of servants during Lent. Of course Gregory is hitting at the leanness of his comrade.

38. *two of . . . the Montagues*. They recognize their foes at a distance by the tokens worn in their caps. Cf. Gascoigne, *Device of a Masque* (1575):

“And for a further prooffe he shewed in hys hat
Thys token which the *Mountacutes* did beare alwaies, for that
They covet to be knowne from *Capels*, where they pass,
For ancient grutch whych long ago 'twene these two houses was.”

44. *take the law of our sides*. Q 1 reads *on our sides*, which gives the correct meaning.

48. *bite my thumb*, “to threaten or defie, by putting the thumbe naile into the mouth, and with a jerke (from the upper teeth) make to knacke” (Cotgrave).

65. *one of my master's kinsmen, i. e.* Tybalt. Benvolio coming from the other side, is unnoticed.

70. *swashing*, the reading of Qq. 4, 5, generally accepted in place of the *washing* of Q 2, F. *Swashing* means smashing, crushing, as in *As You Like It*, i. 3. 122, “a swashing and a martial outside.” But Dowden thinks *washing* “is possible,” and follows Daniel in citing Richard Harvey, *Plaine Percevall* (1589): “A washing blow of this [a quarter-staff] is as good as a Laundresse.” To this citation may be added Fletcher, *The Wild-Goose Chase* (c. 1621), v. 4. 38, “give her but a washing blow,” which Wilson emends to *swashing*.

71. *Part, fools!* Benvolio furnishes a strong foil to Tybalt, and later to Mercutio.

73. *What, art thou drawn?* Is your sword drawn? See l. 77, below.

heartless hinds. Note the word-play between *hearts* and *hart*. *Heartless* here signifies cowardly. *Hinds* may mean female deer, as well as menials.

79. *Have at thee*, I shall strike thee, a conventional threat.

80. *Clubs, bills, and partisans*, a call for men armed with these weapons to put down the disturbance. “Clubs!” was a familiar street-cry of Shakespeare's London, originally applied to the apprentices, but later to the policemen.

81. *in his gown, i. e.* nightgown. Old Capulet's rest has been disturbed by the fray.

82. *my long sword*, for defence; his short sword served only for ornament.

83. *a crutch*. Lady Capulet, who is younger than her husband, insinuates that he is too infirm to engage in conflict.

85. *in spite of me*. Not the modern sense of the phrase, but "in despite or defiance of me." Cf. Milton, *L'Allegro* :

"Then to come *in spite of* sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow."

96. *airy word*, light word. Cf. *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 267: "I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow."

102. *canker'd*. See Glossary.

109. *Free-town*, *Villa Franca* in the Italian story. Shakespeare found the English word in Brooke, used of the castle in which Paris and Juliet were to wed. See Appendix B, 1.

119. *Who, nothing hurt withal*. *Who* in Elizabethan English is frequently used of inanimate objects regarded as persons. See Abbott, § 264, and cf. i. 4. 100, and iii. 3. 38, below. For the adverbial use of *nothing*, cf. Abbott, § 55. *Withal* = with it, as frequently in Shakespeare.

128. "The sycamore or wild-fig tree Shakespeare has referred to in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2, and in *Othello*, iv. 3, as a tree whose shade is dedicated to dejected lovers" (Delius).

131. *ware*. See Glossary.

134. This line was adapted from Q 1 by Pope. Many editors prefer the reading of the other Quartos and the Folio :

"Which then most sought where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self."

Hudson, adopting this latter reading, construes "His disposition was to be in solitude, as he could hardly endure even so much company as himself." The thought of the present reading is fundamentally "never less alone than when alone," an apothegm attributed by Cicero to Scipio Africanus, and repeated many times by both Latin and English writers. An extended series of notes on the phrase was called forth by Professor A. S. Cook in *Modern Language Notes*, xxiv, xxv, and xxvi.

143. Observe the double pun here concerning the *heavy son* (sun) who steals *away from light*.

157. *bit with*. For the use of this preposition where we should use "by," cf. Abbott, § 193.

159. *the sun*. Theobald's emendation for *the same* of Qq Ff.

161. *Enter Romeo*. Some critics place his entrance four lines below, where Benvolio first addresses him. Romeo probably enters

at the back of the stage and is coming forward to meet his friends while they are speaking these lines.

165. *to hear true shrift*, as to hear an honest confession. For omission of *as*, see Abbott, § 281.

166. *good morrow*, good morning. Romeo is surprised to learn that it is not yet noon.

167. *ay me!* the lover's sigh. Note Juliet's use of it, ii. 2. 25, and Mercutio's raillery, ii. 1. 10, below.

175. *view*, i. e. appearance. In l. 177, below, it means sight, power of seeing.

177. *still*. See Glossary.

178. Love is represented as blindfolded, and yet he finds his way to the hearts of all. The meaning is not, as some have thought, that Love perceives the road that he is forbidden to take. These lines fairly represent the conventional love-language of the Elizabethans.

181. The family hatred interferes with Romeo's love. Rosaline is a Capulet, as i. 2. 72, below, indicates.

183. *create*. Some editors prefer *created*, the reading of Q 2. The meaning would be the same in both cases, but *create* seems preferable on account of the rhyme so produced. Couplets are often introduced into the midst of blank verse, as in ll. 190-197, 199-204, 208-209, etc., below.

193. *propagate*, "to extend ; to increase" (Webster), a sense now obsolete.

to have it prest, by having it pressed ; the infinitive is used gerundially. See Abbott, § 356. Dowden suggests that the reference is to Benvolio's word, *oppression*, l. 190, above.

195. *too much of mine own*. Professor Chambers cites *Hamlet*, iv. 7. 117 :

" For goodness growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too much."

196. *raised*. So reads Q 1 ; others have *made*, which some editors prefer.

197. *purged*, purified from smoke.

200. *choking gall* . . . *preserving sweet*. " The line means that love kills and keeps alive, is a bane and an antidote " (Dowden).

205. *sadness*, soberness, seriousness. So *sadly*, l. 207, means seriously.

214-226. It has been suggested that Shakespeare may have intended these lines as a compliment to Queen Elizabeth.

215. *Dian's wit*, "a mind like Diana's, with reference both to her will and to her intelligence" (Strunk).

216. *strong proof*, "a state of having been tried and having stood the test" (Herford).

217. *unharm'd*, the reading of Q 1, which has been generally adopted. F 1 and all the quartos except Q 1 read *uncharm'd*, but this word seems inconsistent with the figure of the bow and arrow. Collier has *encharmed*.

218. *siege*. The figure of a besieged castle, applied to a lady sued by her lover, was one of the most common in Shakespeare's day. So *Cymbeline*, iii. 4. 136 :

"That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege."

Venus and Adonis, 423 : "Remove your siege from my unyielding heart." It is the same figure that Regan uses in *King Lear*, v. 3. 76, when in token of complete surrender to Edmund she exclaims :

"Dispose of them, of me ; the walls are thine."

222, 224-225. By resolving to remain a maiden she will leave no one to inherit her beauty. Dowden quotes *Sonnets*, xi. 9-10 :

"Let those whom Nature hath not made for store
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish."

The same thought is repeated many times in *Sonnets*, i.-xvii. It is also found in contemporary writings. So about 1590 Robert Greene in his play, *Friar Bacon* (*Works*, ed. Collins, v. 1. 1908) makes Lacy exclaim to his beloved Margaret, who is about to become a nun :

"Twere injurie to me,
To smother up such bewtie in a cell."

227. *wisely too fair*. "There is in her too much sanctimonious wisdom united with beauty which induces her to continue chaste with the hope of attaining heavenly bliss" (Malone).

235. "To force that exquisite beauty of hers yet more upon my judgment, and so make me more keenly alive to it" (Herford).

236. *these happy masks*, probably not referring specifically to masks worn by spectators at the play, but to women's masks in general, *happy* in being permitted to touch their *fair brows*. Of course, there is a further suggestion that Rosaline's beauty surpasses that of other ladies as far as a fair lady's countenance sur-

passes the mask. The figures elaborated in lines 238-42 give other turns to the same thought.

238. *strucken*. For form see Abbott, § 344, and compare *King Lear*, i. 4. 93: "I'll not be strucken, my lord."

240. *passing*, surpassingly, exceedingly, as in *Othello*, i. 3. 160: "'T was strange, 't was passing strange."

244. *doctrine*, teaching, instruction, the literal sense of the word. Hence, *pay that doctrine* = give that instruction, whatever may be the cost.

SCENE 2

Here we are concerned with two distinct lines of action. First, Paris is shown (as in no earlier version of the story) to be a claimant for Juliet's hand even before the latter meets Romeo. Then, at the suggestion of Benvolio, Romeo decides on the dangerous step of attending uninvited a feast at the Capulet home.

1. *But Montague is bound*. Shakespeare learned early the playwright's trick of adding vitality to his scenes by opening them in the midst of a conversation.

4. *reckoning*, estimation, distinction. *N. E. Dict.* quotes Cogan's translation of *Pinto's Travels*, xlvii. 271: "He found that some fifty thousand were missing, all men of little reckoning."

9. *fourteen years*. Painter makes Juliet eighteen, and Brooke makes her sixteen. Exactly why Shakespeare reduces her age still more is not easy to see. One theory is that in the edition of Brooke which he used, "xvi" may have been misprinted "xiv." Professor Barrett Wendell suggests that he wished to use the pun in i. 3. 13, below, and that the word "six" there would give too harsh a sibilant line. Another critic thinks that, owing to Capulet's real or feigned reluctance to part with his daughter, Shakespeare changed the age in order to give him a better excuse. But Dowden notes that Shakespeare's Marina in *Pericles* is fourteen, that Miranda in *The Tempest* is only fifteen, and elsewhere that Abigail in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, described as "the sweetest flower in Cytherea's field" (cf. iv. 5. 29, below), is fourteen. This seems to indicate that some literary convention guided Shakespeare, although fourteen strikes modern readers as unreasonably young.

11. Cf. Brooke, l. 1860: "Scarce saw she yet full sixteen years: too young to be a bride."

13. *made*, the reading of Q 2, F, against the *married* of Q 1. The quibble between *made* and *mar* occurs in ii. 4. 121-2, below.

But there is a similar quibble between *marred* and *married* found in Shakespeare and other writers, as in *All's Well*, ii. 3. 315: "A young man *married* is a man that 's *marr'd*."

14. *all my hopes but she*. Capulet, who is an old man, may have lost some children by a former wife. That Juliet is the only child of the present union is distinctly implied in iii. 5. 166, below. On the other hand, Shakespeare may have made here, as elsewhere, a slip too trivial to be noticed in an acted play.

For the use of *she* where *her* is demanded by strict grammatical laws, cf. Abbott's explanation, § 211, that *she* seemed more like an uninflected noun than *he*.

15. *lady of my earth*, probably a mere translation of the French expression for heiress, *fille de terre*, with a quibble on *earth* in the previous line. But Dowden takes *earth* to mean "my body," as in ii. 1. 2.

17. *but a part*, subordinate to. Capulet forgets this speech later. Cf. iii. 5. 150 ff.

23. *makes*. Apparently there is confusion as to subject between *you* and *one more*. Cf. Abbott, § 412. Or we may place a semicolon after *store*, in which case *one* would be the subject of the verb.

25. *earth-treading stars*, i. e. "all the admired beauties of Verona."

26. *young men*. Johnson suggested the emendation *yeomen*, but Malone compares *Sonnets*, xcvi. 2-3:

"When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing."

30. *inherit*, obtain. Cf. *Luke*, xviii. 18: "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?"

32, 33. The couplet is undoubtedly obscure and has given critics much difficulty. The meaning seems to be, "On further observation of many of these, my daughter may be counted among the number, though her estimation, or value, will be nothing." The figure *one* was then considered as no number. To show this many passages from Elizabethan writings have been cited, as *Sonnets*, cxxxvi. 8:

"Among a number one is reckon'd none;
Then in the number let me pass untold."

45. *in good time*, at the opportune moment. Just when he needs them he sees coming two men who can probably read the list for him.

46. Cf. *Coriolanus*, iv. 7. 54 : "One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail." Brooke, l. 207, puts it :

"And as out of a plank a nail a nail doth drive,
So novel love out of the mind the ancient love doth rive."

46-51. These lines, like Romeo's speech, ll. 93-8, below, in form and spirit resemble the *sestette*, or concluding six lines of the sonnet as Shakespeare wrote it. Cf. v. 3. 12-17, and v. 3. 305-10, below. Complete sonnets in the play are the Prologue, the Chorus between acts i. and ii., and i. 5. 95-108, below. The presence of these sonnet forms in the text points to early workmanship of Shakespeare, when he was experimenting with metrical forms.

48. *holp*. On this old form where we use the weak preterit *helped*, see Abbott, § 343. The older form is still heard.

49. *cures*, heals ; the only instance of the verb used intransitively by Shakespeare.

52. Romeo is not insane, as Benvolio affects to conclude from this remark, but is too busy dreaming of Rosaline to follow closely his friend's observations. Since Benvolio has mentioned "grief" (which sometimes meant a wound), infection, and poison, he suggests a sovereign remedy for physical hurts, *viz.* the plantain leaf.

55-57. These lines indicate the ordinary treatment of madmen by Shakespeare's contemporaries. Readers of *Twelfth Night* will recall how Malvolio is imprisoned and tormented during his supposed madness.

58. *God gi' god-den*, God give you a good evening. According to Schmidt this salutation was used only by the common people to their superiors. Cf. ii. 4. 116, and iii. 5. 173, below.

65. *rest you merry!* God keep you merry, the parting salutation.

70, 72. The names of both Mercutio and Rosaline will be noticed on the list of invited guests. Mercutio seems to be on friendly terms with both of the hostile houses, while Rosaline is a niece to Old Capulet.

86. *crush a cup*, a common expression for drinking, like "crack a bottle" to-day. Compare Shallow's phrase, "crack a quart" in *2 Henry IV*, v. 3. 66.

90. *unattainted*, *i. e.* impartial.

93-98. See note on ll. 46-51, above.

95 ff. Reference is to Romeo's eyes, which though often drowned in tears still live to maintain their opinion. If Benvolio's state-

ments be true, Romeo would wish the tears to be changed to fire, so that like heretics his eyes might be destroyed. Witches were burned because, according to popular belief, they could not be drowned.

101. *that crystal scales*. For other nouns now plural but used as singular by Shakespeare, see Abbott, § 338.

102. *lady's love*. So read all the old editions. Theobald proposed *lady-love*, an emendation which has met with general favor.

104. *scant*, scarcely ; an adverb here.

SCENE 3

The heroine of the play now first appears on the stage in conversation with her mother and a garrulous nurse. News as to Paris's prospective suit is received by her with indifference, as her heart is not now set on marriage. The whole scene clearly looks forward to scene 5 of this act.

3. *lady-bird*, sweetheart ; a term of affection. Cf. Jonson, *Cynthia's Revels* (1600 ; ed. Judson, A. C.), ii. 4. 7 : "Is that your new ruffe, sweet lady-bird?"

4. *God forbid!* Probably the true meaning of this ejaculation is that given by Dyce : that the Nurse, not getting any reply to her call, exclaims, "God forbid" that any harm should have come to her darling.

The line is scanned, No. 1, in Appendix D.

7. *give leave awhile*, let us talk awhile in private ; a common form of dismissal. Cf. *3 Henry VI*, iii. 2. 33 : "Lords, give us leave. I'll try this widow's wit."

9. *thou's*, a colloquialism for "Thou shalt." Cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 246 : "Ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder," where the first word is a similarly formed contraction for "I shall."

13. *teen*. For meaning see Glossary, and cf. note on i. 2. 9, above. The Nurse employs this word with *four* to bring out the pun.

The line is scanned, No. 2, in Appendix D.

15. *Lammas-tide*, loaf-mass, August 1, in England, the time of harvest festival. All the events of the play take place in July or August. This is in harmony with Benvolio's words, iii. 1. 2-4, below.

17. The line is scanned, No. 3, in Appendix D.

23. *since the earthquake . . . eleven years.* The significance of this line in determining the date of the play has already been referred to in the Introduction. It need hardly be said here that from the general character of the Nurse's speech not too much seriousness should be attached to her statements. Although she claims to *bear a brain*, she is garrulity itself, and contradicts herself several times in the course of her remarks. Granting that a reference to *the earthquake* would to the audience imply only the great earthquake of 1580, it does not follow that the play must have been written eleven years later. For if this be true, it is hard to see why the words *eleven years* should have been left unchanged when the play was revised some time after 1591.

25. The line is scanned, No. 4, in Appendix D.

27. Rolfe suggests here a comparison with the words of Dame Quickly where in *2 Henry IV*, ii. 1. 93 ff., she recalls to Falstaff the most exact circumstances of his promising to marry her.

The line is scanned, No. 5, in Appendix D.

29. *bear a brain*, have a good memory. See *N. E. Dict.* under *brain* for other examples of the phrase.

31. *pretty fool.* Fool is used here as a term of endearment, as in the extremely pathetic allusion to Cordelia by her aged father, *Lear*, v. 3. 305: "And my poor fool is dead!"

33. *Shake, quoth the dove-house.* The dove-house shook. Daniel notes the phrase in other dramas of the day, as Peele, *Old Wives' Tale* (ed. Neilson), l. 746: "Bounce, quoth the guns." Exactly the same words are in Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, v. 1. 95.

36. The line is scanned, No. 6, in Appendix D.

alone, the reading of the Folio and late Quartos as opposed to the *high-lone* of Q 1 and *hylone* of Q 2. Many editors prefer the latter reading, which would not alter the sense of the passage. Dowden adopting it quotes *N. E. Dict.* and adds: "Some early examples are of infants, which leads me to conjecture that it was a favorite nursery word, as nurses nowadays encourage a child to stand *loney-proudly*." The usual substitute for the last word in at least one part of the United States with which I am familiar is *loney-loney*, but I am told that *high-loney* is still not unknown as a synonymous expression. Cf. our idiom, "It's *high* time," etc., where *high* is used as an intensive.

59. *mark*, designate, elect, as in *Henry V*, iv. 3. 20, "if we are marked to die."

66. *an honour that I dream not of.* Apparently Jonson parodies

this line in *Cynthia's Revels* (ed. Judson), iv. 1. 31: "'t is an *animall* I dreame not of." The italics of the one word changed are Jonson's.

72. *much upon these years*, almost at the same age. How old does this make Lady Capulet? Her husband is evidently much older.

76. *man of wax*, i. e. perfect. The meaning is given in a passage cited by Dyce from *Faire Em*, an anonymous drama once attributed to Shakespeare:

"A sweet face, an exceeding daintie hand :
A body, were it framed of wax
By all the cunning artists of the world,
It could not better be proportioned."

Dowden quotes Field, *A Woman is a Weathercock*: "By Jove, it is a little man of wax."

81-94. "Shakespeare was evidently fond of resembling the face to a book, and having once arrived at this similitude, the comparison, however odd, of the eyes to the margin, wherein of old the commentary on the text was printed, is not altogether unnatural. This passage, which presents both the primary and the subordinate metaphor, is the best example he has given of this peculiar association of ideas" (Staunton). Cf. i. 1. 241-2, above, where Rosaline's face is compared to a note. The large number of conceits in the passage point to its composition during the immaturity of the author, and when euphuism was in vogue.

83. *married lineament*, all the members of his body well harmonized. This reading, since the figure is consistent with the tone of the whole speech, seems more satisfactory than the *several lineament* of Q 1 and Ff, adopted by some editors.

86. *margin of his eyes*. Malone quotes *Lucrece*, 99-102:

"But she that never coped with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy *margents* of such books."

88. *cover*. Probably, as Mason suggests, this is merely a quibble on the contemporary French law phrase for a married woman, who was styled a *feme covert*.

89. *lives in the sea*. Probably she means that the bride was yet to be caught, alluding to the familiar proverb.

96. *like of*. Abbott, § 177, gives other instances of this idiom in Shakespeare. Formerly it was customary to say, "It likes me of the man," rather than "I like the man." Abbott thinks the phrase in question may have originated in this impersonal use of the verb.

98. *endart*. Pope preferred *engage* found in Q 1, but the present reading merely begins the figure from archery which is continued in the next line.

SCENE 4

Of little dramatic importance is this scene, though it contains one notable poetic passage. Then it introduces the high-spirited Mercutio, henceforth to play a leading rôle in the plot. In Brooke Mercutio is a rival of Romeo, but Shakespeare, while using him as a foil to both Benvolio and Romeo, makes him the indirect cause of Tybalt's death, and so of Romeo's banishment.

1. *this speech*. Furness suggests *the speech*, but there is not sufficient reason for emendation. Romeo perhaps feels the need of an *apology* more than his companions do, since it is the home of his father's chief enemy which he is entering uninvited.

3. *prolixity*, tedious detail. It was customary for maskers on coming to a feast to send in some one to announce their arrival. Thus in *Henry VIII*, i. 4. 65, the Chamberlain announces in stately words the coming of the King and his fellow-maskers; and in *Timon of Athens*, i. 2. 128, Cupid is the forerunner of "certain ladies most desirous of admittance."

4. *hoodwink'd*, blindfolded; the literal meaning of the word, from *hood* + *winked*.

5. *a Tartar's painted bow*. "The Tartarian bows . . . resembled in their form the old Roman or Cupid's bow, such as we see on medals and bas-reliefs. Shakespeare uses the epithet to distinguish it from the English bow, whose shape is the segment of a circle" (Douce).

"*Lath* means here wood; but bows were regularly made of this material. Perhaps Shakespeare was thinking of the 'dagger of lath' used by the Vice in the moralities, and used *lath* to fill out his line without special regard to the context." Cf. *Twelfth Night*, iv. 2. 134 ff.:

"Like to the old Vice . . .
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil."

6. *like*, in the shape of. Compare *Macbeth*, i. 3. 9-10, where the First Witch threatens :

“And, like a rat without a tail,
I’ll do, I’ll do, and I’ll do.”

crow-keeper = scarecrow.

7, 8. These lines evidently have more than a literal significance, and two interpretations of them are possible. It is sometimes suggested that the dramatist may be striking at actors who in a *without-book prologue* would speak “more than is set down for them.” Compare the advice to the players in *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 42 ff. But Professor E. K. Chambers regards this explanation as “not likely,” and adds, “The reference is to a Prologue speaker who does n’t know his lines.” This last interpretation would explain why the actor without the book in his hands speaks *faintly* . . . *after the prompter*.

8. *entrance*, a trisyllable. See Appendix D, and cf. *Macbeth*, i. 5. 40 : “That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan.”

11. *a torch*. Every troop of maskers had its torchbearer. So Jessica in male attire carries the torch for Lorenzo and his company of maskers in *The Merchant of Venice*, ii. 6. Romeo is affecting too melancholy a mood to take part in the vanity of his fellows.

12. *heavy* . . . *light*, a quibble which apparently age could not wither nor custom stale for the Elizabethan. The numerous puns in this scene will not escape any careful reader ; e. g. *measure, measure* ; *soles, soul* ; *sore, soar* ; *bound, bound* ; *done, dun*. While such puns occur more frequently in Shakespeare’s earlier than in his later plays, the dramatist employed them till the last.

21. *pitch*, literally = point, but it probably continues the figure from falconry expressed or implied in lines 18-22.

30. *a visor for a visor* ! Possibly, as some explain, an ugly mask is handed to Mercutio and he takes it. Others think that he dons no mask on account of his fantastic face. Littledale makes the plausible suggestion to punctuate with an exclamation point after l. 29, as Mercutio refuses the offered mask.

31. *quote*, notice, observe ; cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, iv. 5. 233 : “I have . . . quoted joint by joint.”

36. *rushes*, used then on floors as we use carpets.

38. *a candle-holder*, idle spectator, like our “wall-flower.” Romeo is proverb’d with this *grandsire phrase*.

40. *dun’s the mouse*. Malone cites *Patient Grissel* (1603) ; “don is the mouse, lie still.” He adds, “I know not why, this phrase

seems to have meant 'Peace; be still!' and hence it may be said to be 'the constable's own word' while apprehending an offender and afraid of alarming him by any noise." The origin of the phrase is still unsettled, but as the mouse is dun-colored and proverbially quiet, some connection between the two qualities may have been supposed. Of course, Mercutio characteristically goes far astray to employ the pun.

41. Having quibbled once with *dun*, Mercutio thinks of another proverb founded on the common use of the word, like Dobbin, as the name of an old horse, "to draw Dun out of the mire." Gifford describes a Christmas game which he himself played and which was so called. The object of the game was to lift Dun, a log which had been brought into the midst of the room, and take it out. The fun arose from letting the log fall on some one's toes. A friendly critic has called my attention to the fact that in another Elizabethan play, *Sir John Oldcastle*, v. 3, one of the characters, Dick Dunne, is mired in a slough, but I cannot see that the passage sheds much light on the expression. The proverb is as old as Chaucer, for in the prologue to the *Manciple's Tale*, are found the words, "Dun is in the mire."

42. *Of this sir-reverence*. So Q 1; other early editions *Or save your [or you] reverence*. In either case we have a translation or contraction of the Latin ablative absolute, *salvā reverentiā*. It was a common form of apology for the introduction of any impropriety in conversation, and later came to take on the meaning of the improper words themselves. Exactly what Mercutio intends to signify will perhaps not bear too close examination.

43. *burn daylight*, to light a candle while the sun is shining; figuratively used of wasting time, as Mercutio explains.

47. *five wits*, employed sometimes as synonymous with the five senses, and again, according to Stephen Hawes (1554) as the intellectual faculties or five inlets of ideas, "common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation (or judgment), and memory." The expression here seems to bear the second interpretation. Mercutio says they are burning daylight; Romeo, taking the remark literally, denies it since they have their candles lighted at night. Mercutio begs him to consider the speeches with regard to their meaning, and find his judgment there rather than among the intellectual faculties. A recent illuminating discussion in this field is Dowden's article on "Elizabethan Psychology" in *The Atlantic Monthly*, vol. 100, pp. 388-99.

50. *dream'd a dream*. Romeo is superstitious by nature, and

he fears the result of this masking from the start. Since the audience must have known the story well, the effect of this speech would not be lost on them.

51. Note the contrast between the two friends. Compare the conversation on the same subject between the cock and the hen in Chaucer's *Nun's Priest's Tale*.

53 ff. Is there any reason why this long speech of Mercutio's should be introduced into the conversation here? Q 1 inserts after l. 53 a query of Benvolio, "Queen Mab, what's she?" But even with this reading the passage is scarcely justified from a dramatic standpoint, and it must be taken as a lyrical outburst illustrating the ebullient fancy of the author at this stage. It is in much the same strain as the fairy scenes of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

53. *Queen Mab*, a familiar personage in Celtic folklore, but there has not been found in English literature any earlier reference to her than this. Drayton's *Nymphidia* (1597) contains a description of her chariot, apparently imitated from Shakespeare. Professor Chambers, in his edition of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* of this series, p. 144, has an interesting note on the various names of the fairy queen, there called Titania. He observes that the present account of Mab "has many points which resemble the characteristics of the domestic spirit as found in Robin Goodfellow."

54. *fairies' midwife*. Not to the fairies, but the fairy, herself, who delivers dreamers of their fancies, those *children of an idle brain*, l. 97.

55. *agate-stone*, a figure cut in the agate of a ring. So in 2 *Henry IV*, i. 2. 19, Falstaff, complaining of the diminutive size of his page, exclaims, "I was never manned with an agate until now."

59. *spinners', spiders'*. Compare Latimer's words: "Where the bee gathereth honey, even there the spinner gathereth venome." So also *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 2. 21: "Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!"

63. *film*, "the thin skin which separates the seed in the pods" (Schmidt).

66. *lazy finger*, an allusion to the popular belief that idle young women were apt to have worms in their fingers.

77. *courtier's*. Pope tries to avoid the repetition here by substituting *lawyer's*, the reading of Q 1, but that word is open to precisely the same objection, being used in l. 73, above. The

repetition may not have been intentional, but there is no necessity for emendation.

85. Cf. 2 *Henry IV*, v. 3. 56-7 :

"Fill the cup, and let it come ;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom."

89. According to Douce reference is made to a superstition that evil spirits, taking the form of women clothed in white, haunted stables in the night-time, carrying in their hands tapers of wax, which they dropped on the horses' manes, thereby plaiting them in inextricable knots.

90. *elf-locks*, hairs believed to have been tangled by fairies or elves.

91. *bodes*. The real subject of this verb, *which*, is plural, but the notion of entangling gives a singular verb-form. See Abbott, § 337.

100. *who*. See note on i. 1. 119, above.

103. *face*. Is this word or *side* better? The latter has the authority of all the early editions except Q 1, from which Pope restored the present reading.

dew-dropping south. For some reason Shakespeare seems to have associated the south with dampness, mist, and contagion. So he has, *As You Like It*, iii. 5. 50, "Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain"; 2 *Henry IV*, ii. 4. 392, "Like the south, Borne with black vapour"; *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 1. 21, "The rotten diseases of the south"; 2 *Henry VI*, iii. 2. 384, "And with the southern clouds contend in tears"; *Coriolanus*, i. 4. 30, "All the contagion of the south light on you"; *Cymbeline*, ii. 3. 136, "The south-fog rot him"; and *Cymbeline*, iv. 2. 349, "From the spongy south."

106. Again Romeo displays his fatalism. We were informed in the Prologue that this was "a pair of star-cross'd lovers."

109. *expire*, cause to expire, finish. Dowden cites Lyly, *Euphues* (Arber, p. 77): "To swill the drink that will expyre thy date."

111. The folios add a stage-direction: *They march about the stage, and Servingmen come forth with their napkins*. After some frolicsome horse play they were to leave the stage and the next scene was to follow immediately.

SCENE 5

A series of pictures of the feasting, dancing, and parleying at Capulet's banquet forms, from the spectacular standpoint, one of the most effective scenes in the play. But despite the prevailing tone of happiness in the first meeting of Romeo and Juliet, the inevitable love resulting on both sides is accompanied by a note of tragedy, not only in the threats of Tybalt, the chief antagonist, but also in the mental forebodings of evil that come to both lovers.

1. As in the opening scene, a touch of realism is added by beginning the action with a conversation between servants. Of this conversation there is no hint in any known source.

8. *court-cupboard*, a movable cupboard used for the display of plate.

good thou. See Abbott, § 13, for similar instances of the vocative use of good.

16. *the longer liver take all*. Let him who lasts longer get the whole reward — a familiar proverb of the time.

18. *gentlemen*, a dissyllable: see Appendix D, No. 7, for scansion of line.

21. *deny*, refuse, as in *The Taming of the Shrew*, ii. 1. 180: "If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day When I shall ask the bans."

makes dainty, affects timidity.

22. *come near you*, Does the cap fit you? Compare *1 Henry IV*, i. 2. 14: "Indeed you come near me now, Hal."

28. *a hall!* Make room!

29. *turn the tables up*. "The tables in that day were flat leaves hinged together and placed on trestles; when removed they were therefore turned up" (Steevens).

30. *quench the fire*. Why should a fire be burning in an Italian house in midsummer? The answer is that in Brooke's *Romeus and Juliet* the feast at Capulet's house occurs when "weary winter nights restore the Christmas games." Shakespeare in shortening the time of action and placing the feast in the hot season probably overlooked this slight anachronism. He was not in the habit of watching such details with the modern critic's eye.

32. *cousin*. Capulet is really his uncle, for see i. 2. 71, above, but the term "cousin" was then used of almost any relative. Later Lady Capulet calls Tybalt her cousin although he is her nephew.

37. *nuptial*, nuptials, wedding; the usual form of the noun in Shakespeare.

43 ff. Fuller compares the *Romeo en Juliette* of Struijs, translating from this Dutch play (see Appendix C) as follows: "There for the first time I beheld my love, who like a silver moon shone down upon her mates. Next other jewels a brilliant diamond she appeared. Her two eyes I saw sparkle as gleam Castor and Pollux on high."

45. *knight*. Cf. Brooke here: "With torch in hand a comely knight did lead her forth to dance."

47. *It seems she hangs*. This is the reading of all the Quartos and of F 1. Some editors prefer that of F 2, *Her beauty hangs*, etc. There appears to be little to choose between the two readings, but that of the text is certainly the more authoritative. Cf. *Sonnets* xxvii, ll. 11-12:

"Which like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night hideous and her old face new."

53. In older versions of the story Romeo seizes her left hand while Mercutio holds the right.

56 ff. For corresponding lines in the Dutch play, see Appendix C.

57. *what dares*, how dares. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 950: "What may a heavy groan advantage thee?" Theobald, followed by some modern editors, punctuates, *What! dares*, etc.

58. *antic face*. Tybalt refers to the mask which Romeo had donned; "a grinning face, such as merry-andrews wear" (Delius).

59. *solemnity*. See Glossary.

64. *in spite*, "only to defy and provoke us" (Schmidt). Cf. i. 1. 85, above.

68. *portly*, "of a good deportment, well-behaved, well-bred" (Schmidt).

78. This little incident serves to bring out clearly the contrast between Old Capulet and his fiery nephew. With the same bitter hatred of the Montagues that controls Tybalt, the uncle is held in check by his regard for the laws of hospitality.

81. *mend my soul*, amend or save my soul. Cf. *As You Like It*, iv. 1. 193: "by my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous."

83. *set cock-a-hoop*, set all by the ears. Though a great deal has been written about the last word, its etymology is still doubtful. See article on the subject in *N. E. D.*

87. *contrary*, cross, act in opposition to. The verb is fairly common among Elizabethan writers.

91. *patience perforce*, endurance of irremediable ills; a proverbial expression.

94. *convert*. Lettsom takes *sweet* as a substantive, and *convert* as a transitive verb, but the latter was frequently used intransitively; cf. *Lucrece*, 592: "Stones dissolved to water do convert."

95-108. Note the Shakespearian sonnet-structure of the lines. Cf. note on i. 2. 46-51, above.

96. *fine*. Emended by Theobald from the older *sin* or *sinne*; Herford and Dowden retain the original reading. The present text would give the meaning of "pleasing punishment." However, Dowden explains *sin*, "To touch Juliet at all is sin; but the profanation with Romeo's hand is a rough sin; to touch with his lips is 'the gentle sin.'"

104. *pilgrim*. Halliwell-Phillips prints a cut from Inigo Jones, a famous Elizabethan architect and coadjutor of Ben Jonson, showing the acted Romeo in this scene attired in pilgrim's garb. This was a conventional disguise, and is employed to-day in the acting of *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 4, by King Polixenes and Camillo.

112. *by the book*, according to rule.

119. *chinks*, used colloquially as a term for money.

120. The Cambridge editors doubt the genuineness of this line, but cf. Brooke at this point, l. 325: "Thus hath his foe in choice to give him life or death." Note the word-play in *account* and *debt*.

124. *banquet*. Here the meaning is "dessert," a course of sweetmeats, fruit and wine; cf. *Timon of Athens*, i. 2. 160: "Ladies, an idle banquet attends you."

125. *Is it e'en so?* According to the old stage-directions they "whisper in his ear" probably the reason for their departure.

142. *prodigious*, portentous; cf. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1. 419: "Nor mark prodigious."

ACT II. PROLOGUE

In the original editions the play is not divided into acts and scenes, and some editors of the play prefer to place this prologue at the end of Act i, rather than at the beginning of the second act. It really makes no material difference. Since the lines are so commonplace and serve so little dramatic purpose, it is seriously questioned whether they were written by Shakespeare. Like the Prologue to Act i, the lines are in sonnet form.

3. *fair*. Steevens reads it as a dissyllable, and omits the *for*, but emendation is unnecessary. *Fair* signifies a beautiful woman, a common meaning for the word in Shakespeare and as late as the eighteenth century.

for which love groaned for. Such duplications of a preposition are common in Elizabethan literature; cf. *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 138: "The scene wherein we play in."

SCENE 1

This short scene shows Romeo's escape from his friends into Capulet's garden. It also occupies time between Capulet's feast and Juliet's soliloquy after retiring the same night. Benvolio again serves as foil to Mercutio.

2. *dull earth*, figurative for Romeo's body, the centre of which is his heart, lost to Juliet.

5. *orchard*, garden. So in *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 2. 253, Antony speaks of Cæsar's gardens as his "new-planted orchards." But Capulet's garden contains fruit-trees, as ii. 2. 108 shows.

6. *conjure*. Here we accent the last syllable of the word, but in l. 23 the first syllable. In Elizabethan English the modern distinction in meaning between the two pronunciations of this word did not exist.

13. *Adam Cupid*. Qq. Ff. read *Abraham Cupid* or *Abraham: Cupid*. Upton proposed the emendation, which has been accepted by most editors. Cupid is given the nickname Adam because of his likeness to another famous archer, Adam Bell, celebrated in ballad poetry, and bearing many points of resemblance to Robin Hood. In *Much Ado*, i. 1. 260, just after alluding to "blind Cupid," Benedick cries, "Shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam." But it is not certain that the reading of all the earlier editions is wrong. Neilson prefers it, Dowden is uncertain. Some topical allusion now lost may lie in the name. Again, as White shows, "auburn" was sometimes spelled *abrun*, *abran*, *abram*, and even *Abraham*. Thus the meaning may be "the light-haired Cupid."

14. *King Cophetua*, an allusion to another contemporary ballad, *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid*, to be found complete in Percy's *Reliques*, and again referred to in *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 2. 114: "Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?" One stanza runs:

"The blinded boy that shoots so trim
 From heaven down did hie,
 He drew a dart and shot at him,
 In place where he did lye."

This makes certain the reading *trim* in l. 13, above, which is adopted from Q 1, as opposed to the *true* of other Qq.

16. *ape*, a word used with a connotation of tenderness as applied to young men, in much the same way as the Nurse uses *fool*, i. 3, 31, above. Nash writes of the time "when I was a little ape at Cambridge."

24. *circle*, a magician's ring. Cf. *As You Like It*, ii. 5. 62: "'T is a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle."

31. To be associated with the moist or humid night. *Humorous*, of course, contains a word-play; cf. l. 7, above.

40. *field-bed*. Mercutio means the ground; he says he would prefer the small comfort of a trundle-bed. It is worth noting that in Brooke the Nurse brings a real field-bed into Juliet's chamber.

SCENE 2

On account of the marvellous poetic beauty of the lines, the personal charms of Juliet, and the perfect setting in a moon-lit Italian garden, this "balcony scene" is with readers of the play as well as theatre-goers the most popular of the whole drama. In it the heroine inadvertently reveals her love to Romeo, but is too frank by nature to unsay any of her speeches when she finds that they have been overheard. As a result the lovers at once plan marriage, despite each one's presentiment that all will not go well with them.

2. Fuller sees here again the influence of the 1560(?) English play which served as a prototype for the Dutch play of Struijs. See Appendix C.

7. *her maid*, a votary of Diana.

8. *sick and green*. Q 1 reads "pale and green," which Collier would emend to "white and green," on the ground that these were the colors worn by Elizabethan court fools. The change is scarcely justifiable, the meaning of the phrase being rather "chlorotic," as Schmidt defines it.

15. *two of the fairest stars*. Fuller compares Romeo's words to those of Pheidas (Mercutio) in the Dutch play: "Her two

eyes I saw sparkle as gleam Castor and Pollux on high." Cf. also i. 5. 46, above.

24. *that I were a glove*. According to Dr. Fuller this conceit, like several others in the play, is a characteristic Petrarchism, and is found in many contemporary sonnets written by the English imitators of Petrarch. Conceits are abundant in Romeo's speeches throughout this scene, but they are generally absent from Juliet's, whose language from the outset is more direct than that of her lover.

25. *Ay me!* See note on i. 1. 167, and cf. ii. 1. 10, above.

31-2. The same figure is in *Macbeth*, i. 7. 22-3, "heaven's cherubin, horsed Upon the sightless couriers of the air."

31. *lazy-pacing*, Pope's restoration from Q 1. Is it not a better reading than the *lazier-puffing* of other Qq Ff?

39. Malone prefers to place the comma after *though* and take the latter word in its sense of "however." Most editors accept the present reading. By changing his hateful name he will lose none of his personality.

42. *belonging to a man*. For metre, see Appendix D.

46. *owe*, own, possess. Cf. *The Comedy of Errors*, iii. 1. 42, "keepest me out from the house I owe."

53. *counsel*, secrets, as frequently in Shakespeare and older English.

55. *dear saint*. He is thinking of the conversation they have had a few minutes ago in Capulet's hall.

61. *dislike*. For the impersonal use cf. Abbott, § 297, and see note on i. 3. 96, above.

64. Note Juliet's care for her lover's safety.

69. *let*, stop, obstacle; as in the familiar legal phrase, "without let or hindrance."

76. *but thou love*. The first word means "except." Malone is clearly mistaken in interpreting the line, "And so thou do but love me, I care not what may befall."

78. *wanting of*. On the use of the preposition with certain participles which are considered verbal nouns, compare Abbott, § 178.

83. In this imaginative passage lies a great deal of the feeling that prompted Francis Drake and other sixteenth-century voyagers.

84. *adventure*, venture, dare.

Fuller compares Romeo's love-making in Struijs, translating: "Thou, O Goddess, art the sole beacon towards which I sail. Wilt thou unpitifully withhold thy light from my eye, then must my

ship, to my ruin, perish ; for unless some haven be at hand, its freight will sink to the depths."

89. *farewell compliment*, away with conventionalities !

93. *at lovers' perjuries . . . Jove laughs*, a common proverb of the time, found in Marlowe's translation of Ovid, and several times in the writings of Robert Greene.

101. *to be strange*, to appear shy, reserved. Steevens quotes Greene's *Mammilia* (1583) : " Is it the fashion in Padua to be so strange with your friends ? "

106. *discovered*, uncovered, revealed ; the usual meaning in early English. Cf. iii. 1. 147, below.

dark night. Note the quibble with *light* above.

107. *by yonder blessed moon*. Similarly in *Richard III*, iv. 4. 366 : Richard, wooing the Princess Elizabeth through her mother, proffers several oaths, all of which are rejected as insufficient sureties of his truth. In *The Merchant of Venice*, v. 1. 142, Gratiano swears " by yonder moon," and in the same scene Bassanio, taking Portia's eyes for his byword, is answered, 245-6 :

"swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit."

116. Fuller shows that Juliet's presentiment of coming ill at this point occurs in Struijs.

117. *contract*. For the accent see Appendix D.

119, 120. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 1. 145, the joys resulting from love are said to be :

"Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man have power to say, 'Behold !'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up."

131. *frank*, generous ; as in *King Lear*, iii. 4. 20 : " Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all."

133-5. Cf. Juliet's words, ii. 6. 32-4, below.

139. *I am afeard*. One should not overlook these frequent presentiments of coming disaster, nor forget that the audience, knowing the story beforehand, would understand them in the way they were intended.

142-8. It is Juliet that takes the initiative. The words of this speech are adopted almost directly from Brooke, but there is about them a refinement, a delicacy, not found in the poem.

151. *By and by*, immediately. The phrase to-day signifies a longer wait.

152. *suit*. This is Malone's emendation from the older *strife*, and is made practically certain by the corresponding passage in Brooke, "to cease your suit."

158. A similar picture is given in *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 146-7, of the schoolboy "creeping like snail unwillingly to school."

162 ff. Fuller calls attention to the corresponding scene in Struijs, where Romeo thus addresses the night: "Come, thou dark shroud, as is thy wont, and cover with thy shadow the half of this world's orb; while I in lonely gloom make echo reweil my own lament, in the innermost of Venus' temple, where my Juliette is."

167. *attending*, listening, attentive; as in *Titus Andronicus*, v. 3. 82: "He did discourse To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear."

178. *wanton*. See Glossary.

189. *ghostly*. See Glossary.

190. *dear hap*, *i. e.* good happening, good fortune.

SCENE 3

The Friar reluctantly promises to officiate at a secret wedding, in order to reconcile the hostile families. His long soliloquy, showing his knowledge of herbs "and their true qualities," makes more plausible his suggestion to Juliet of the sleeping potion in iv. 1.

1. Fuller argues that Shakespeare is directly indebted here to the English prototype of Struijs. In the latter play immediately after a scene in which Romeo takes leave of Juliet at break of day, the Friar is discovered in front of his cell soliloquizing: "The black curtains of heaven's dome fall down towards the west, letting the eastern sky grow pleasant with light. The messenger of the sun begins to color the horizon a fiery glow. Each bird draws out its head from under its wing and hops from branch to branch, and with its sweet voice sings the praise of God." His meditations are interrupted by the entrance of Romeo. There is nothing to suggest this in Brooke or in Painter.

1-6. A profitable study might be made of Shakespeare's descriptions of the early morning. Cf., for example, i. 1. 125 ff., above; iii. 5. 7-10, below; *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1. 101 ff.; *Hamlet*, i. 1. 166-7; *Much Ado*, v. 3. 25-7; *Sonnets*, vii, xxxiii, xxxiv.

2. *chequering*, *i. e.* the lights and shadows resembled a checker board. Milton's "chequered shade" carries the same figure.

3. *darkness like a drunkard reels*. In *Sonnets*, vii. 9-10, it is the sun at its setting that "from highmost pitch, with weary car, like feeble age . . . reeleth from the day."

7. *osier cage of ours*, this basket belonging to the order. The Franciscans held all their property in common.

9-10. Compare Milton's *Paradise Lost*, ii. 911: "The womb of nature and perhaps her grave."

22. *sometimes*. Capell reads *sometime's*.

25. *that part*. Either the odorous part of the flower, or else the part of the body that one smells with.

27. *encamp them still*, are always encamped. For other instances of verbs used reflexively, see Abbott, § 296.

28. *grace and rude will*. Such a theological reference would be more intelligible to an Elizabethan audience than to one to-day. They mean about the same as "virtue" and "evil desires." Spoken by the Friar these reflections seem thoroughly in character.

29. *worser*, not an infrequent form in Shakespeare. It occurs again, iii. 2. 108, below.

30. *canker*. See Glossary.

Enter Romeo. Early editions place his entrance after l. 22.

31. In Struijs the Friar replies to Romeo's salutation: "*Deo gratias*, my son. What brings thee here so early? This strikes me as most strange."

37. *unbruised*, undamaged, uninjured; *unstuff'd*, not too heavily loaded.

51. *both our remedies*, a remedy for both of us. See Abbott, § 219, and cf. *Hamlet*, iii. 1. 42, "both your honours," i. e. "the honor of both of you."

52. *lies*. For the form see Abbott, § 335. The singular is employed because the verb precedes its subject as in i. 1. 38, above.

54. *steads*, assists, serves. Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, i. 3. 7: "May you stead me?"

55. *homely in thy drift*, plain in your speech.

68. The conventional Elizabethan "debate" between *hearts* and *eyes* is discussed at length by Professor J. H. Hanford in *Modern Language Notes*, xxvi, 161-5. Compare the correspondence in *The Nation* (New York), for March 30 and April 27, 1911. Shakespeare particularly alludes to this debate in *Sonnets*, xlvi, xlvii, and cxli, and again in *The Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 63 ff. In general, love of the eyes seems to indicate mere fancy, and love of the heart, genuine affection. See also i. 2. 92, above.

72. *season love*. Shakespeare uses the same figure again in

All's Well, i. 1. 55, where the Countess declares tears to be "the best brine a maiden can season her praise in."

76. *yet*. As the rhyme indicates, the pronunciation was "yit." This was the regular spelling in the time of Chaucer.

88. *read by rote*, you knew only a few phrases learned by heart, and had not been taught the real meaning of love.

90. *in one respect*, on one consideration, which is named in the next line.

92. *to turn*, as to turn. See Abbott, § 281.

93. *stand on sudden haste*, must be in great haste.

SCENE 4

This scene, which in time closely follows the last, occupying a slightly later hour of the morning after Capulet's feast, is structurally divided at the point where the Nurse enters. The objects of the first half are to show the transformation wrought in Romeo by Juliet's love and to tell of the challenge sent to him by Tybalt. The second part completes arrangements for the wedding. Much of the scene is satire directed against contemporary Englishmen who affect Italianate methods of dueling.

2. *to-night*, last night; another illustration of the usage is in i. 4. 50, above.

12. *dares . . . dared*, a mere quibble; the first means "challenges," the second, "ventured."

15. *thorough*, another spelling of the preposition *through*.

pin, centre; a term from archery. "The clout, or white mark at which arrows were directed, was fastened by a black pin placed in the centre" (Malone). Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 1. 138: "Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin."

19. *prince of cats*, a play on Tybalt's name. Sir Tybert, another form of the word, is the name of the cat in the beast-fable of *Reynard the Fox*. Parallel passages have been cited from Dekker, *Satiromastix* (1602): "Tho' you were Tybert, the long-tail'd prince of cats"; and Nash, *Have with You to Saffron Walden* (1596): "Not Tybalt, prince of cats."

20. *captain of complements*. He knows all the formalities of dueling. Compare ii. 2. 89, above. The modern distinction in spelling and sense between *compliment* and *complement* did not exist in the sixteenth century.

21-2. time, distance, and proportion. Steevens quotes from Jonson, *Every Man in His Humour*, i. 4, where Bobadil is teaching Matthew to fence: "Note your distance, keep your due proportion of time."

22. rests me. *Me* is the meaningless "ethical dative," of which further examples are given by Abbott, § 220.

24. butcher of a silk button. Staunton cites Silver's *Paradoxes of Defence* (1599): "Thou that takest upon thee to hit anie Englishman with a thrust upon anie button."

25. of the very first house, of the first rank, probably; though, as Dyce shows, the phrase was sometimes used of upstart gentlemen.

26. first and second cause, i. e. of the quarrel. In *As You Like It*, v. 4. 70 ff., Touchstone enumerates the seven causes or degrees of quarreling "by the book." In Jonson's *The Alchemist*, Kastrel, a country boy, willingly pays Subtle for instruction in the art of quarreling. Throughout Europe in Shakespeare's time the practice of dueling prevailed so commonly that works like the treatises of Saviolo and Caranza were written as guide-books to the science, and schools were established for the teaching of its fine points. In England especially the practice had been introduced along with other vicious customs from Italy; three "Italian teachers of offence" are said to have been living in London by 1599. The terms *passado*, *punto*, *reverso*, *hay*, all of which are explained in the Glossary, are of Italian origin. Mercutio's ridicule is directed not against the practice of dueling, of which he himself is an adept, but against the study of it in these Italianate schools. Of course, Mercutio speaks not as a Veronese, but as an Elizabethan Londoner, and his hits at a local fashion are not lost on his audience.

29. affecting, affected, using affectation. Cf. *Merry Wives*, ii. 1. 145: "I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue."

31. tall, valiant, sturdy; a frequent sense in Shakespeare.

33. grandsire. Mercutio addresses the sober Benvolio as one of an elder generation who has known better times.

34. flies. The term is explained in the words that follow it. Dowden notes that Hamlet calls the shallow Osric a "water-fly" in *Hamlet*, v. 2. 84, while courtiers are denominated "gilded butterflies" in *Lear*, v. 3. 13.

35. perdona mi's, Italian for "pardon-me's." Qq. 4, 5 read *pardona-me's*, Q 2 has *pardons mees*, F *pardon-mee's*. Theobald emended to *pardonnez-mois*, which is accepted by many editors as

a hit at the Frenchified fashions of Englishmen. The Cambridge editors, however, believe that the present reading is in harmony with the Italian terms, a few lines above.

36. *form*. Remembering that this word is sometimes used of a long bench with no back, note the quibble with the word *bench* in the line just below.

37. *bones*, the reading of Qq. F, but some editors follow Theobald in emending to *bon's*, the French word that men shouted on seeing a good stroke.

39. *without his roe*. Some suggest that this means that Romeo has lost his roe, or female deer (dear); others, that the first syllable of his name is gone, leaving only "me O!" or "O me!" the sigh. In either case Mercutio's pun is far-fetched.

45. *grey eye or so*. Thisbe was rather handsome, but that is neither here nor there. Such is the general meaning of the passage. Grey eyes were then greatly admired, but whether or not the color was the same as the word now indicates, is a disputed question.

47-8. *gave us the counterfeit*. Halliwell-Phillips quotes Nash's *Jack Wilton* (1594): "Aie me shee was but a counterfeit slip, for she . . . gave me the slip"; and Guilpin's *Skialetheia* (1598): "Is he not fond then which a slip receaves For currant money?"

55. *strain courtesy*. Note the word-play with *constrains court'sy*, below.

59. *kindly*, "naturally, in a manner suited to the character or occasion, pertinently" (Schmidt).

64. *flowered*. His dancing shoe was pinked, that is, perforated. Cf. *Henry VIII*, v. 4. 50, "railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head."

65-70. Puns are in abundance here. Romeo is to *follow*, *i. e.* to ponder over the joke till he has *worn out* his shoe, that when its *single sole* is worn, the joke alone may remain. *Single*, besides its present meaning, may have the sense of simple, silly; another quibble lies between *sole* and *soul*. So Romeo's reply means that Mercutio's jest is absolutely alone in its kind for silliness. On *single-soled* Malone quotes Holinshed's *Ireland*, p. 23: "A meane tower might sewe such single-soale kings as were at that time in Ireland." Literally the word means "having but a single sole," hence exceedingly poor, then mean, contemptible, as here.

73. Romeo advises Mercutio to urge on his fainting wits with *switch and spur*, or else acknowledge defeat in the wit-combat. On

wits, l. 72, cf. note on i. 4. 47, above. Some editors follow Q 1 in reading *wits fail*.

75. *wild-goose chase*. According to Dyce, the name was originally applied to one kind of horse race, in which the horses were started together, the rider who gained the lead forcing the other to follow him wherever he chose to go.

78. *Was I with you, etc.* Did my remark about the goose hit you?

81. *bite . . . by the ear*, an expression of endearment (Schmidt).

82. *good goose, bite not*, a proverb of the day, found in Ray's collection.

91. *broad goose*. The pun may have some reference to a brood, or breeding, goose, as *broad* was often spelled *broode* or *brood*. It may mean an obvious goose, or an unrestrained goose. Delius and Collier prefer the reading of F, *abroad*, construing it, "far and wide abroad — goose."

93-4. *now art thou Romeo*. Cf. i. 1. 204: "This is not Romeo, he's some other where." The transformation noted by Mercutio must be apparent to every reader. The development of Romeo's character is perhaps the most interesting theme for study in the whole play, but he does not reach full maturity until the news is brought to him of Juliet's supposed death.

96. *natural*, idiot, fool. So *As You Like It*, i. 2. 57: [Nature] "hath sent this natural for our whetstone."

112. *My fan, Peter*. Fans were large enough in those days for ladies of quality, and those like the Nurse, who aped them, to have special fan-bearers. Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 1. 147: "To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan."

115. *God ye good morrow*, God give you a good morning; a form of salute used only by the lower classes to their superiors. Of course Mercutio employs a similar form in reply only for the purpose of mocking the old Nurse. *Good den*, as explained in a note to i. 2. 58, is the contraction for "Good evening." This latter salutation was then used, as it is in rural England and in the Southern states to-day, at any time after noon.

121-2. *God hath made for himself to mar*. Qq followed by some modern editors omit the *for*. The Nurse's reply as well as the sense of a passage makes the emendation very plausible. See note on i. 2. 13 above.

133. *confidence*. The Nurse's blunder for *conference*. Cf. *Merry Wives*, i. 4. 172: "I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence." In *Much Ado*, iii. 5. 3, Dog-

berry makes the same blunder. "I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly."

135. *indite*, invite. Benvolio possesses some sense of humor.

136. *So ho!* the cry of the sportsman when he starts a hare. So Romeo immediately inquires what game has been found.

151. "*lady, lady, lady.*" Mercutio is singing the refrain to *Susanna*, a ballad licensed in 1592. In *Twelfth Night*, ii. 3. 84, Sir Toby sings the first line: "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady." The full text of the ballad is preserved in Percy's *Reliques*.

153. *saucy merchant*, "impudent fellow; *merchant* is used like *chap*, a shortened form of *chapman*" (Dowden). Dyce compares *The Fair Maid of Bristow*, (1605): "What [s]ausie merchant have you got there?"

169. *law on my side*. Peter's boldness is on a par with that of Sampson, i. 1. 54, above. It will be noted also that the Nurse gives no vent to her indignation until Mercutio is safely out of hearing.

180. *weak*. Perhaps the Nurse means *wicked*. Collier (MS.) so emends the line.

201. *cords made like a tackled stair*, a rope ladder of the kind used on shipboard.

205. *mistress*, a trisyllable. See Appendix D.

220. *with a letter*, with the same letter.

223. *the dog's name*. R, as resembling a growl, was known from ancient times as the dog's letter. It is so called in Ben Jonson's English grammar and in other works, and even gave rise to the verb *arne*, to growl. Having heard something of this, the illiterate Nurse takes as mockery the statement that R stands for Romeo.

226. *rosemary*. Symbolizing remembrance, this flower was much in favor with lovers and at weddings. Cf. *Hamlet*, iv. 5. 175: "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance"; and see iv. 5. 79, below, for reference to its use at funerals.

SCENE 5

This scene furthers the action but a very little. Emphasis is on the humorous situation.

1. *struck nine*. Note the carefulness with which the time is marked at many points in the play. It was noon when the Nurse was inquiring for Romeo in the last scene.

7. *love, i. e. Venus.*

13-5. A figure borrowed from the game of tennis.

15. The metre is broken here, the sense is seemingly incomplete, and the couplet following certainly looks suspicious. Why should Juliet say *old folks . . . feign as they were dead*? Or why should *lead* be called *pale*? Collier's MS. suggested *old folks seem as dead*, and substituted *dull* for *pale*. White conjectured that *many faine* is a misprint for *marry, fare*. Keightley, though reading *dull* for *pale*, cites Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide*, ii. : "With asshen pale as lede." Pope omits the entire couplet as interpolated.

18. *honey nurse.* Cf. 1 *Henry IV*, i. 2. 179 : "my good sweet honey lord."

22. *them.* The word *news* in Shakespeare's day was used as either singular or plural.

25. *give me leave awhile.* Cf. i. 3. 7, and note. Q 1 reads *let me rest*, which amounts to the same thing.

36. *stay the circumstance*, wait for the details. Cf. v. 3. 181, below, and *Titus Andronicus*, iv. 2. 156 : "Tell them both the circumstance of all."

44. *flower of courtesy*, perfection of courtesy. Cf. ii. 4. 61, above.

50. *as.* See Abbott, § 107. "If" is implied.

51. This line is scanned, No. 8, in Appendix D.

56-9. This is sometimes regarded as a rude sort of verse and so printed. Servants and ignorant persons often so speak in Elizabethan dramas.

67. *coil*, hubbub, turmoil. So *The Comedy of Errors*, iii. 1. 48 : "What a coil is there, Dromio?"

73. *straight at any news.* The meaning is clear enough without resort to the emendations that have been proposed ; as, "straightway at my news" (Hanmer), or "straight at my next news" (Walker). The Nurse makes a general comment on Juliet's habit of blushing on slight provocation.

SCENE 6

A short scene marks the last upward stage of the lovers' fortunes. But the tragic foreshadowing is even more notable here than in previous scenes.

This scene underwent apparently the most thorough revision between the writing of Q 1 and that of Q 2. The readings of Q 1 will be found in Appendix A.

3-8. The suggestion of these lines comes directly from Brooke ; see Appendix B.

A similar note is sounded in the conclusion of Browning's *In a Balcony*, where Norbert and Constance are satisfied in the very presence of "love-devouring death."

"Nor. This is life's height.

. . . Men have died

Trying to find this place, which we have found."

"We are past harm now.

. . . This must end here:

It is too perfect."

9-15. The Friar's calm words suggest a passage in Wordsworth's *Laodamia* :

"Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control
Rebellious passion: for the gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
Thy transports moderate."

Some critics find in the Friar's speech the keynote of the entire play, and think that Shakespeare intended it as a moral lesson, a warning against the dangers of violent love and violent hatred. All that we know of the dramatist and the way that he worked, renders such an opinion untenable.

9. *violent . . . violent*. On the pronunciation see Appendix D.

10. *like fire and powder*. The Friar uses the same simile again in iii. 3. 132, below.

12. *his*, its. The latter word became fixed as the possessive of *it* after the time of Shakespeare. As in the King James version of the Bible, the regular neuter possessive form was *his*, though *it* was occasionally employed. See Abbott, § 228.

13. *confounds*, destroys, ruins. Cf. *confusion* = destruction, in iv. 5. 65, below.

17. Is not the reading of Q 1 better: "So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower"? The idea is a familiar one in poetry; it is found, for example, in Scott's *Lady of the Lake* and Tennyson's *Maud*.

21. *confessor*. Accented *con'fessor*, ; see Appendix D.

25. *that*. For the use of this conjunction where modern English requires the repetition of *it*, cf. Abbott, § 285.

30. *conceit*. See Glossary.

32. Steevens notes the same sentiment repeated in *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 1. 15: "There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned."

34. *sum up sum of half my wealth*. The usual quibble. Emendations have often been proposed, but they seem unnecessary. Staunton gives a reasonable interpretation: "I cannot sum up the sum, or total, of half my wealth."

ACT III — SCENE 1

Here the plot reaches a turning-point. The chance meeting on a warm day of Tybalt and Mercutio, hot-headed representatives of the opposing houses, together with Mercutio's misinterpretation of Romeo's attitude, leads to an encounter in which Mercutio is slain. Stung to revenge, Romeo fights and slays Tybalt and is thereupon banished. Thus for the first time the antagonistic forces gain a victory, and the lovers' fortunes begin to decline.

4. *these hot days*. Reed cites Sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England* (1583): "For in the warme time people for the most part be more unruly."

6. *me*, ethical dative; see note to ii. 4. 22, above.

9. *drawer*, i. e., the waiter. Cf. *1 Henry IV*, ii. 4. 33: "I question my puny drawer."

11. Clarke notes that this quiet retort gives point to the humor of Mercutio's lecturing the staid Benvolio on the sin of quarrelsomeness.

14. *moved to be moody* sounds like an echo of i. 1. 8, above.

15. *what to?* Of course Benvolio is asking what he is moved to, and of course Mercutio's misunderstanding of the last word is deliberate.

32. *tutor me from*, "teach me to avoid" (Rolfe).

41. *gentlemen*, a dissyllable; see Appendix D.

42. It is frequently stated that the part borne by Mercutio in this quarrel, and afterwards his death, are details original with Shakespeare, and are not given in any earlier version of the story. Fuller shows (cf. Appendix C) that in Struijs is a scene closely resembling this, in which Phebidas, who corresponds to Mercutio here, quarrels and fights with Thibout. Romeo comes up and tries

to part them, but at that instant Thibout thrusts at Phebidas and slays him.

45. *occasion*, here almost = cause.

49. *consort*. Mercutio is as usual looking for an opportunity to quibble, and takes this word in the sense of a company of minstrels — a concert.

52. *zounds*, an oath, meaning literally, "By God's wounds."

55. *reason coldly*, speak quietly, without anger.

58. The doubling of the negative, considered incorrect to-day, was long thought to add emphasis to a statement. The personal pronoun is often repeated at the end of a sentence. So *Titus Andronicus*, v. 3. 113: "Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I." *King Lear*, ii. 2. 104: "He cannot flatter, he."

59. *my man*. Tybalt means "the man I am seeking," but Mercutio, quibbling as usual, wilfully takes the phrase in the sense of "my servant," and affirms that Romeo is *man* enough to follow Tybalt to the field for a fight.

62. *hate I bear thee*, still another restoration by Pope from Q 1. Other early editions, followed by some modern, read *love* in place of *hate*.

66. *appertaining rage*, rage appertaining to.

69. *boy*, a contemptuous use. Cf. i. 5. 79 and 85, above, and v. 3. 70, below.

77. *alla stoccata*, another Italian fencing term, meaning a thrust or stab with a rapier, but Mercutio applies the phrase to Tybalt.

carries it away, carries the victory, has the better. We still speak of *carrying* an election.

78. *rat-catcher*, another allusion to his name. Cf. ii. 4. 19, above, and corresponding note, and l. 80, below.

will you walk? Will you come aside with me?

90. *outrage*, a trisyllable. See Appendix D, and cf. note on *entrance*, i. 4. 8, above.

94. *sped*, "dispatched, undone" (Schmidt). So *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 9. 72: "So be gone; you are sped."

95-113. For the reading of corresponding lines in Q 1, see Appendix A, IV.

102. *grave man*, a characteristic jest for the dying Mercutio.

peppered, literally covered "with wounds as thick as the particles of pepper sprinkled on a dish" (Webster). Mercutio means that the one wound that he has received has been just as effective. Cf. 1 *Henry IV*, v. 3. 37: "I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered."

106. *fight*s by the book of arithmetic, "fight" by the rules of the teachers of fencing," interprets Dowden, who compares ii. 4. 21-3, above.

109. What is the dramatic irony of this statement?

113. *your houses*. "The ineffectual attempt to repeat his former sentence, 'A plague o' both your houses!' . . . serves exquisitely to indicate the faint speech of the dying man, and poetically to image his failing powers" (Clarke).

114. *ally*, relative; cf. l. 194, below.

118. *kinsman*, the reading of Q 1; many editors prefer the *cousin* of Q 2, F.

122. *aspired*, used transitively, means not "attempted to reach," but "actually reached, attained." Malone quotes Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* (1590): "And both our souls aspire celestial thrones."

128. *respective lenity*, considerate gentleness.

129. *conduct*. See Glossary.

139. *amazed*, in a maze, completely bewildered, as frequently in Shakespeare.

141. *fortune's fool*. So the old King in *Lear*, iv. 6. 195, declares himself "the natural fool of fortune." Hotspur in *1 Henry IV*, v. 4. 81, exclaims: "Thought's the slave of life and life's time's fool."

148. *manage*, conduct, course.

154. Lady Capulet is the first to demand revenge.

157 ff. Does Benvolio in this speech tell the whole truth, or is he not endeavoring to smooth over Mercutio's part in the conflict? In general the speech corresponds to that in i. 1. 113 ff. Neither adds much to the play. Note Benvolio's diction, his careful balancing of adjectives and phrases.

158. *spoke him fair*, talked kindly to him. Cf. *2 Henry VI*, iv. 1. 120: "My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair."

159. *nice*. See Glossary.

162. *take truce*, "make peace" (Schmidt).

169. *retorts*, hurls back, the literal meaning of the word < Lat. *retorquere*, twist back.

175. *by and by*. Cf. note to ii. 2. 151, above.

194. *My blood*, etc. Mercutio is related to the Prince.

SCENE 2

This scene, rich in its poetry, is closely related to that following, each scene showing from the standpoint of one of the lovers that the events of the day have made the catastrophe inevitable. The chief incident in the plot is the Nurse's suggestion looking toward one more meeting of the lovers.

1 ff. These lines are to be regarded as Juliet's marriage hymn, "differing in nothing from the legitimate epithalamium but as blank verse differs from the rhymed stanza."

1. Malone was the first to notice the close similarity of these opening lines to passages in Barnaby Riche's *Farewell* (1583); and Marlowe's *Edward II* (before 1593). The first reads: "The day to his seeming passed away so slowly that he had thought the stately steedes had bin tired that drawe the chariot of the Sunne, and wished that Phœton had beene there with a whippe." So the second:

"Gallop apace, bright Phœbus, through the skie,
And dusky night, in rusty iron car;
Between you both, shorten the time, I pray,
That I may see that most desired day."

Even if such imitations were conscious on the part of Shakespeare, he cannot be accused of plagiarism for making use of what he found elsewhere. In his day literary men freely and openly borrowed plots, expressions, and ideas from one another with no thought of wrong-doing.

6. *runaways' eyes*. The most difficult passage in the whole play. Q 2, Q 3 read *runawayes*; Q 4, Q 5, F 1 *run-awayes*; F 2, F 3 *run-awaies*; F 4 *run-aways*, all without the apostrophe. The present reading is that of the *Globe Shakespeares*, which takes the first word in the sense of ramblers, or vagabonds, whose eyes, Juliet hopes, will not be able to see Romeo at night. Although this reading is ably supported by Prof. J. W. Hales in *Longman's Magazine*, February, 1892, it has not been adopted by such recent editors of the play as Herford, Dowden, and Neilson. For a full discussion of the whole problem the student is referred to the *Variorum* (Furness) edition of the play, pp. 367-95, and to the authorities just cited.

It may be well here to summarize briefly the theories held by various editors, and supported with great ingenuity. (1) *Emenda-*

tions have been suggested as follows: *rumour's*, conjectured by Heath, and adopted by Hudson; *unawares*, conjectured by Jackson and adopted by Knight (ed. 1), Collier (ed. 1), and Verplanck; *rude day's*, by Dyce and Chambers; *enemies'*, by Collier (ed. 2), etc., etc. On the other hand are those who keep the reading of Qq and Ff. (2) Some of the latter (Delius, Schmidt, and Daniel) make *runaways* plural, as in the Globe text, followed here. (3) Others, reading *runaway's*, find in it a reference to Cupid, Phaeton, Night, Moon, Day, etc. If this reading be correct, perhaps the allusion to the sun, suggested by Warburton, and followed by Hudson, White, Dowden, and other editors, is the most plausible. Juliet wishes that Phaeton were driving the sun's chariot this day at least, so that he might bring in night immediately. Then with the swiftness of her fancy she sees her wish already accomplished; the sun has actually played the "runaway."

Dowden hesitatingly suggests a new pointing of the lines:

"Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
— That [=yonder] runaway's eyes may wink — and Romeo,
Leap to these arms! Untalk'd of and unseen,
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites."

Neilson practically adopts this punctuation, reading:

"Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink; and, Romeo,
Leap to these arms! Untalk'd of and unseen
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites."

9. Steevens compares here Milton's *Comus*:

"Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk."

Professor Wendell adds that the difference between the underlying thought of the two passages is characteristic of the difference between Elizabethans and Puritans.

12. *learn*. See Glossary.

14. *Hood my unmann'd blood*. Terms in falconry are used figuratively. A hawk was *hooded* until let fly at the game and was said to be *unmann'd* when not sufficiently acquainted with her

keeper. When the hood was taken off, she *bated*, or fluttered with her wings. The pun on the third word in this line is obvious.

15. *black mantle*. Cf. Brooke, l. 457, "when on earth the Night her mantle black hath spread." See ii. 2. 75, above.

strange love. Cf. ii. 2. 101. Similarly in *All's Well*, v. 3. 168 : "Why do you look so strange upon your wife?"

21-5. The most pronounced conceits in which Juliet indulges are found in this and succeeding passages in this scene.

26. In connection with this whole soliloquy Mrs. Jameson's words should be read, giving, as they do, a woman's impression of Juliet's innate purity of mind. "Let it be remembered that in this speech Juliet is not supposed to be addressing an audience, nor even a confidante; and I confess I have been often shocked at the utter want of taste and refinery in those who, with coarse derision, or in a spirit of prudery, yet more gross and perverse, have dared to comment on this beautiful 'Hymn to the Night,' breathed out by Juliet in the silence and solitude of her chamber. She is thinking aloud; it is the young heart 'triumphing' to itself in words.' In the midst of all the vehemence with which she calls upon the night to bring Romeo to her arms, there is something so almost infantine in her perfect simplicity, so playful and fantastic in the imagery and language, that the charm of sentiment and innocence is thrown over the whole."

45. *I*, a play on *aye* and *eye*, both spelled frequently with the single vowel.

47. *death-dealing eye of cockatrice*, a beast seemingly identical with the basilisk, whose power is thus described in Warner's *Albion's England* (1586):

"Æsculap an herdsman did espie
That did with easy sight enforce a basilisk to flye
Albeit naturally that beast doth murther with the eye."

So also *Richard III*, iv. 1. 55-6:

"A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous."

53. *God save the mark!* Used similarly after the mention of wounds, 1 *Henry IV*, i. 3. 56. Professor Kittredge in *Words and their Ways* compares the Latin *absit omen* used by the Romans "when they found it necessary to mention an unlucky or disas-

trous thing. 'God save the mark' is the Nurse's interjection when she describes the wound in Tybalt's breast and touches her own body in significant gesture. Our 'Don't speak of it!' gives vague expression to the same feeling." For *mark* Q 1 reads *sample*.

56. *gore blood*, clotted blood, as in the anonymous play of *Selimus* (1595): "Color my strong hands with his gore blood."

swounded, swooned. Compare the vulgar "drownded" of to-day.

57-60. For reading of Q 1 see Appendix A, IV.

64. *contrary*. For accentuation see Appendix D.

69. Since Romeo is banished, why does not Juliet go with him? In Brooke's poem this course is suggested by Juliet, but Romeo tells her that if she does go she will undo both of them because her father will certainly pursue and overtake the couple and vent on them his wrath. Shakespeare in condensing the story ignored this incident.

73. Possibly a reference to the serpent in the Garden of Eden, which, according to one popular legend, had the head and face of a beautiful woman. See Skeat's *Complete Works of Chaucer*, vol. v. p. 153, for an interesting note on the subject.

74. *dragon keep so fair a cave*, an allusion to the tale familiar in Germanic folklore of a cave filled with treasure and guarded by a dragon. The best-known forms of this tale are in the Middle High German *Nibelungenlied*, and in the hero's last adventure recounted in the Anglo-Saxon poem, *Beowulf*.

75-78. Cf. Romeo's paradoxical language, i. 1. 181 ff.

83-4. *book . . . So fairly bound*. We have already noted the same conceit, further elaborated in i. 3. 81 ff.

85-6. Cf. Fletcher, *The Wild-Goose Chase* (c. 1621) ii. 1. 161-2.

"Is there no faith,
No troth, nor modesty, in men?"

87. *naught*, wicked; cf. *Lear*, ii. 4. 130: "Beloved Regan, thy sister's naught."

The line is scanned, No. 9, in Appendix D.

90. *Blister'd be thy tongue*. In Brooke, ll. 1145-6, Juliet after accusing Romeus becomes "wroth with herself," and soliloquizes:

"Ah cruel murdering tongue, murderer of others' fame,
How durst thou once attempt to touch the honour of his name?"

Shakespeare, by a characteristic stroke of art, turns her indignation on the Nurse's tongue instead of on her own.

92. Here, as Steevens points out, "Shakespeare is possibly indebted to the account in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*: "Is it possible that under such beautie and rare comelinesse, disloyaltie and treason may have their siedge and lodging?" *Siedge* is an old word for "seat."

98. *poor my lord*. Possessive adjectives, when unemphatic, are sometimes transposed, being really combined with nouns. Cf. Abbott, § 13, and iii. 5. 200, below.

smooth, speak kindly of, flatter. Probably a quibble lies between this word and *mangle*, which sometimes to smooth linen, but here means tear, dismember.

108. *worser*. Cf. note on ii. 3. 29, above.

114. *slain ten thousand Tybalts*, is "worse than the loss of ten thousand Tybalts" (Mason).

114, 116, 117, 118, 121. Note the consistent figure of an army on the march.

120. *modern*, ordinary.

121. *rearward*. Another pun on this and *rear word* is doubtless intended.

142. *my true knight*. Romeus is frequently termed a knight in Brooke.

The Nurse plays the same part for Juliet here that the Friar does for Romeo in the next scene. In this passage she certainly shows good sense and courage.

SCENE 3

The sympathetic Friar suggests a solution of their difficulties which promises ultimate happiness to the lovers, and he also arranges for their farewell meeting. Thus an important purpose of the scene is to add an element of suspense to the plot.

2-3. Even the Friar uses conceits; cf. l. 83, below.

10. *vanish'd*, a very peculiar use of the word, as Keightley points out. He suggests "issued, or some word of similar meaning." Dowden adds: "I suspect that banishment in the next line misled the printer; but possibly (and it is strange that this has not been suggested) Shakespeare wrote, 'A gentler judgment — "banish'd" — from his lips.'" In support of Dowden's first suggestion it may be noted that in the Second Quarto the word *vanisht* is placed exactly above *banish-ment* letter for letter.

12. *banishment*. Romeo rings the changes on this word just as Juliet does in the preceding scene.

26. *rush'd*. Capell suggests *push'd* and Collier *brush'd*.

29. Steevens quotes Dryden, *Palamon and Arcite*, for a similar turn:

“Heaven is not, but where Emily abides,
And where she 's absent all is hell besides.”

33. *validity*, value. So *All's Well that Ends Well*, v. 3. 192:

“this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel.”

34. *courtship*. According to Schmidt the two meanings of “courtliness, civility,” and “courting, wooing,” blend into one here and in *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 364: “an inland man, one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love.”

38. *who*. For this form of the relative used of inanimate persons and objects regarded as persons, where modern English requires *which*, cf. note on i. 1. 119, and see Abbott, § 264.

41. This line, certainly from a poetic standpoint one of the worst in Shakespeare, has given editors much trouble on account of evident confusion in the printing of it and of those that follow in the early editions. Q 2, the authoritative text, reads:

“This may flies do, when I from this must flie,
And sayest thou yet, that exile is not death?
But Romeo may not, he is banished.
Flies may do this, but I from this must flie:
They are freemen, but I am banished.”

Q 1 omits ll. 38–39, and runs:

“And steale immortall kisses from her lips;
But Romeo may not, he is banished.
Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye.”

F 1 arranges the lines:

“This may Flies doe, when I from this must flie,
And, saist thou yet, that exile is not death?
But Romeo may not, hee is banished.”

The reading of the present text is that first proposed by Steevens and has proved generally acceptable to editors.

45. *mean*. This form is used here for the sake of the pun, but it is found elsewhere in Shakespeare, as in *1 Henry VI*, iii. 2. 10: "Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city."

54-5. *armour*. . . . *milk*. The figure changes here; it is not a clear case of mixed metaphor.

55. Malone compares a passage from Lyly's *Euphues* (1580), a book which every educated Elizabethan read: "Thou sayest banishment is better to the freeborne. There be many meates which are sowre in the mouth and sweet in the maw; but if thou mingle them with sweet sawces, they yeeld both a pleasant taste and wholesome nourishment. I speake this to this end; that though thy exile seems grievous to thee, yet, guiding thyselfe with the rules of philosophy, it shall be more tolerable." The same thought is in the familiar words of *As You Like It*, ii. 1. 12: "Sweet are the uses of adversity."

60. *prevails*, avails, as in *Henry V*, iii. 2. 16: "If wishes would prevail with me, My purpose should not fail with me."

63. *dispute*, reason, discuss; as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 1. 69: "Thou disputest like an infant."

71 ff. No such dialogue is found in Painter or Brooke, but Fuller shows that it is fairly close to that of Struijs in the corresponding scene. Fuller translates:

"*Fr. L.* My son keep to thy senses . . . Truly thy grief exceeds all bounds. Methinks I hear some one. Still! I will go first and see who it is, that thou mayst not be betrayed; and so it be not a trusty friend, he shall remain outside. Ha! 't is the nurse. Now I may open the door.

"(*Enter Nurse.*)

"*Romeo.* My heart is comforted. What may she bring? Welcome, nurse; how is it with my Juliette? What tidings bringest thou me?

"*Nurse.* Alas! Romeo, thy mistress lies for thy sake in extreme grief; she sighs the whole day long, and cannot sleep an hour of the night—so presses her her sorrow. My heart breaks to hear her moan and sob in the bitterest of the night. Thy absence, my lord, makes her often call for death."

85-6. *O woeful sympathy! Piteous predicament!* In all the early editions these words are included as here in the Nurse's speech. Most modern editors follow Farmer and Steevens in transferring them to the Friar, on the ground that it is out of character for the ignorant nurse to use such language. But Delius, Daniel,

and Neilson, as well as the Cambridge editors, preserve the earlier reading.

90. *an O*, an affliction, expressed by the use of that interjection.

94. *old*, practised; as in our expression, "old reprobate."

98. *conceal'd*. The fact that Juliet is his lady is concealed from the world. The word was pronounced much like *cancell'd* in the same line, producing a pun.

103. *level*, aim, range; cf. Portia's "level at my affection," *Merchant of Venice*, i. 2. 41.

106. *anatomy*, body, as in *King John*, iii. 4. 40: "That fell anatomy, Which cannot hear."

109. In this speech Shakespeare is closely following Brooke. For the antithesis between *man* and *beast*, cf. *Macbeth*, i. 7. 46 ff.

119. Again the dramatist seems to have made an unimportant slip in transferring some of the details of the story to the stage. Romeo has not been railing on his birth here, but in Brooke's poem he does so rail.

126. *form of wax*. The disparagement implied in the Friar's use of this phrase raises the question whether the Nurse's reference to Paris in i. 3. 76, as *a man of wax*, may have a similar turn. But the Nurse probably does not so intend, for she is all admiration of Paris's person.

127. *digressing*. See Glossary.

132. Steevens notes that English soldiers using matchlocks had to carry lighted matches near the wooden flasks in which was their powder.

134. "And thou torn to pieces with thine own weapons" (Johnson).

151. *blaze*, publish, make known < Old Norse *blāsa*, blow. Cf. *blazon*, in ii. 6. 26, above, = proclaim.

159. This characteristic remark of the old Nurse affords a much-desired comic relief.

SCENE 4

The counterplot now develops a new and impossible complication, a second marriage of Juliet following the first. The complete entanglement lies in the fact that Romeo's killing of Tybalt makes likewise impossible the alternative course, the announcement of the first marriage.

4. *born to die*, a commonplace already uttered by the Nurse in iii. 3. 92, above. Capulet's grief is not profound.

8. *woe . . . woo*. Note the quibble.

11. *mew'd up*, confined, shut up; cf. *The Taming of the Shrew*, i. 1. 188: "And therefore has he closely mew'd her up." The word comes from the Latin *mutare*, change, through the French. Used first to indicate the change by moulting of a bird's feathers, it developed the sense here because moulting hawks were caged.

12. *desperate tender*, bold offer. Steevens cites *The Weakest Goeth to the Wall* (1600): "Witness this desperate tender of mine honor."

23. *keep no great ado*, as we colloquially say, "make no great fuss."

32. *against*. See Glossary.

34. *Afore me*, originally perhaps, as Dyce explains, *God before me*, i. e., in the presence of God. Some critics explain the words as an address to the torch-bearer to carry the light before Capulet to the chamber, but this is unlikely.

35. *by and by*. Cf. note on ii. 2. 151, above.

41-64. For reading of Q 1 see Appendix A, IV.

SCENE 5

The decline of the lovers' fortunes is now accelerated. First with retarded movement, in lines full of foreboding, Romeo leaves Juliet for Mantua. Then the storm breaks. In quick succession come Lady Capulet's formal announcement of the plan for Juliet's wedding to Paris, the daughter's flat refusal, old Capulet's frenzy on hearing this news, his coarse taunts, and threats of death unless his will be observed. Next, Juliet's pathetic appeal to her mother meets with a cold response, and even the Nurse's counsel is deliberately wicked. Desperate, Juliet cuts loose from them all, resolved on going to the Friar and ready for suicide if he cannot help.

Capulet's Orchard. There is much diversity of opinion as to the setting here, and some editors would divide the scene after l. 59. The chief difficulty with this arrangement is that Juliet stays on the stage the whole time. It is probable that in Elizabethan playhouses all the action, except Romeo's descent to the ground, took place above the main floor on the balcony at the back of the stage. This balcony was supposed to represent Juliet's chamber.

1. Fuller sees here again the influence of the English play followed by Struijs. In the Dutch version Romeo declares that it is four o'clock and he has to depart. His wife expresses surprise to

hear that it is so late, and later utters the fear that they shall nevermore meet. Romeo calms her fears and climbs down.

4. *yon pomegranate*. Note the realistic effect of the adjective. The pomegranate tree appears to be the favorite haunt of the nightingale in many lands.

8. *lace*, "to diversify with streaks of color" (*N. E. Dict.*). Cf. *Macbeth*, ii. 3. 118: "His silver'd skin laced with his golden blood."

9. Cf. *Sonnets*, xxi. 12: "Those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air." For other dawn pictures in Shakespeare, see note on ii. 3. 1-6, above.

12. *I know it, I*. See note on iii. 1. 58, above.

13. *exhales*. According to popular scientific notions at the time meteors were composed of vapors drawn up by the sun. Many lines in Shakespeare illustrate this belief, as *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1. 44:

"The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them."

19. *morning's eye*. Cf. Milton's *Lycidas*: "under the opening eyelids of the morn."

20. *reflex*, reflection. The moon shining on the clouds is reflected therefrom. *Brow* is used for face, but some editors change the word to *bow*, and understand it as referring to the segment of the new moon.

21. *Nor . . . not*. For the double negative see note on iii. 1. 58, above.

21-2. Other passages in which Shakespeare refers to the lark are *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 914; *Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 1. 184, iii. 1. 133, iv. 1. 98; *Merchant of Venice*, v. 1. 102; *Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 3. 177; *Cymbeline*, ii. 3. 21; *Richard II*, iii. 3. 183; *Winter's Tale*, iv. 3. 9; *All's Well*, ii. 5. 7; *Troilus and Cressida*, iv. 2. 9.

26. Juliet strives to detain her husband, but when she finds him yielding to her persuasions and thereby imperilling his life, she immediately changes her tone and thinks only of his safety. She has shown the same unselfishness in ii. 2. 64, above.

28. *unpleasing sharps*, acute and shrill sounds (Schmidt).

29. *division*, a quadrisyllable. The meaning is thus given in *N. E. Dict.*: "The execution of a rapid melodic passage, originally conceived as the dividing of each of a succession of long notes into several short ones." Cf. Heywood, *A Woman Killed with Kindness* (acted 1603), v. 2. 13-15:

"Her lute! Oh, God! Upon this instrument
Her fingers have rung quick division
Sweeter than that which now divides our hearts."

31. An old saying due to the fact that the (English) lark has ugly eyes, and the toad, beautiful. If they had only changed voices too, Juliet says, there would be no need to heed the summons.

34. *hunt's-up*. "Originally 'the hunt is up,' name of an old song and its tune, sung or played to awaken huntsmen in the morning; . . . hence . . . an early morning song" (*N. E. Dict.*). It is used particularly of a "song for a new-married wife, the day after the marriage," as Cotgrave informs us. Technically, such a song is called an aubade.

43. Some editors prefer the reading of Q 1: "my Lord, my Love, my Frend." The text here is practically that of other Qq and F. It must be remembered that *friend* in Elizabethan English bore a much warmer connotation than it bears at present. Dowden points out that in the corresponding passage in Brooke *friend* and *friendship* occur where we should speak of *lover* and *love*.

51-7. The presentiment of coming evil, which we have noted in several scenes before, here assumes more definite shape. But Romeo, who in the last scene was in the depths of despair, has taken on new hope, and is sure that all will be well with them. Henceforth his courage never falters.

52-3. Possibly an echo of the familiar line from Vergil, *Æneid*, i. 203: "forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

59. *Dry sorrow drinks our blood*. Dry = thirsty. "The belief that grieving exhausts the blood and impairs the health, is more than once alluded to by Shakespeare" (Clarke). Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 97: "sighs of love that costs the fresh blood dear."

67. *down*, i. e., downstairs, with a quibble on *up*.

68. *procures*, brings; cf. ii. 2. 145, above, where the verb means "cause to come."

71. Cf. Juliet's words, iii. 2. 130, above: "Wash they his wound with tears."

75. *feeling*, affecting, heartfelt.

78. *cannot choose but*. To Elizabethans this phrase meant scarcely more than "must necessarily." Cf. *2 Henry IV*, iii. 2. 220-1: "Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old."

82. *be*, a frequent use; there is no need to adopt *are*, the reading of Q 1. Abbott, § 300.

84. *like he*. For the nominative form, cf. Abbott, § 206.

89-92. Compare Lady Capulet's cry for immediate revenge of the death of Tybalt, iii. 1. 154, above.

91. *shall give*. The relative is omitted, as frequently in Shakespeare. Cf. Abbott, § 244.

97-100. Dr. Johnson, the stern moralist, declares that "Juliet's equivocations are rather too artful for a mind disturbed by the loss of a new lover." Clarke replies that they are "exactly the sort of shifts and quibbles that a nature rendered timid by stunted intercourse with her kind, and by communion limited to the innocent confidences made by one of her age in the confessional, is apt to resort to, when first left to itself in difficulties of situation and abrupt encounter with life's perplexities." Besides, it has been pointed out "that this is a typical Elizabethan quibbling passage, and that Shakespeare has brought this about in an artificial way so that Juliet is forced to quibble. Such quibbles as she uses are perfectly nugatory as to her character. She quibbles chiefly for the amusement of the audience."

Absolute frankness does not guide Juliet in all her conversations with her mother, her father, the Nurse, or Count Paris. But there are good reasons for her lack of confidence in each of them.

99. *That*, so that. Abbott, § 283.

106. *needy*, needful, necessary.

107. *they*. *Tidings*, like news, is either singular or plural in Shakespeare. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 14. 112: "This sword but shown to Cæsar with this tidings;" and the same play, ii. 5. 87: "Let ill tidings tell Themselves when they be felt."

110. *sorted out*, contrived, brought about.

112. *in happy time*. This day of joy comes appropriately, just at the right time. The thought is the same as in l. 106.

119. Juliet's irony is adapted from Brooke, ll. 1905-6:

"Madam, I marvel much that you so lavas [*i.e.* wasteful] are
Of me your child."

122. *I swear*. Some editors, probably wishing to save Juliet from using an oath here, follow Q 1 in omitting this expression. But just six lines above the girl has sworn "by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too." She is greatly stirred with indignation, and in no mood to employ soft language or show timidity. See Appendix D for other examples of alexandrines.

127. *the air*, the reading of Qq 4, 5, adopted by most editors, though Malone prefers *the earth* of Q 2, F.

130. conduit. Brooke apparently has a particular fondness for this figure. See Appendix B for instances of its use.

Malone notes that "conduits in the form of human figures were common in Shakespeare's time."

127-31. Note quibbles on *sun, sunset, son, dew, rain, showering*.

131-8. Another series of conceits not appreciated by modern readers.

136. Who. Cf. note to i. 1. 119, above.

142. take me with you, let me catch your meaning. Cf. Falstaff's exquisite rejoinder to the Prince's description of him, *1 Henry IV*, ii. 4. 506: "I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?"

Capulet's outrageous language to his daughter should be compared with King Lear's to Cordelia, *Lear*, i. 1. 110 ff. Neither father is willing to believe that his child will not accede to any of his desires. When an unreasonable request is refused, each parent breaks into an ungovernable storm of wrath, which raises the protest of a subordinate. Even closer parallels to the language of Capulet will be found in that of the Lord Mayor to his daughter Rose in Dekker's *The Shoemaker's Holiday* (1599), iii. 3 ff.

145. wrought, succeeded in winning, effected.

156. hurdle, a sledge to drag criminals to execution. *N. E. Dict.* cites Dickens, *Tale of Two Cities*: "He'll be drawn on a hurdle to be half hanged."

158. tallow-face. Romeo in l. 59 has remarked on the girl's paleness, ascribing it to "dry sorrow." Old Capulet, now thoroughly angry, hints a less delicate cause.

166. lent. Q1 has *sent*, which many editors adopt. The use of *lent* in this sense is well established. In Brooke, l. 1795, Lady Capulet says of Tybalt, "God hath claimed the life that was but lent." So the pre-Shakespearian *King Leir* (published 1605), 43-4:

"My gracious Lord, I hartily do wish,
That God had lent you an heyre indubitate."

This, it will be noticed, does not refer to one who has died, but, as in the text, to a non-existent child. Moreover, a recent newspaper item from London reports "a curious variation from the usual birth notice" in Surrey, reading "the loan of a son," whose name follows. The item continues, "A similar idea is to be found in an epitaph in Kingsbridge church yard in Devon. It runs: 'My parents dear, do not lament. I was not given, but only lent.'"

172. smatter, prate, prattle. Dowden cites Heywood, *The*

Pardoner and the Friar: "What, standest thou there all the day smattering!"

173. *God ye god-den*. See note on i. 2. 58, above. Of course Capulet is ironical in this speech, and he probably bows as he utters it, precisely as Mercutio has mocked the Nurse in ii. 4. 116.

178. The line is scanned, No. 10, in Appendix D.

183. Rolfe compares *Much Ado*, i. 1. 56-7, "stuffed with all honourable virtues."

186. *in her fortune's tender*, when fortune is offered to her.

192. Cf. Brooke, l. 1983, "Advise thee well, and say that thou art warnéd now." *advise* = reflect, consider.

198-9. Cf. the wretched king's appeal, *Lear*, ii. 4. 192 ff. :

"O, heavens,

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway

Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,

Make it your cause; send down and take my part!"

200. *sweet my mother*. Compare note to iii. 2. 98, above.

206. With what infinite pathos the helpless girl now turns to the Nurse after being repelled alike by her raging father and hard-hearted mother!

214 ff. Shakespeare is again following Brooke or the old play. In both Struijs and Brooke such a conversation occurs, but it is later in the story.

222. *green*. Green eyes were then looked on with great favor. Dowden cites *Two Noble Kinsmen*, v. 1: "Thy rare green eye."

229. *Amen!* The girl is really putting a period to the curse that the Nurse has just pronounced on her heart and soul. It is a heartfelt expression of her abhorrence of the wickedness now revealed.

234. Q 1 has a significant stage-direction here. As the Nurse withdraws, Juliet "lookes after" her. In her amazement at the woman's perfidy, the young wife watches her until she is out of sight.

ACT IV — SCENE 1

Act iv. is devoted to Juliet's struggles against the antagonistic forces, her endeavor by means of a desperate expedient to escape the destruction that threatens her. This secures for the audience a brief lightening of the tension in the hope that the catastrophe may yet be averted. In Scene 1 Juliet throws Paris off his guard,

then learns from the Friar of his dangerous remedy, and immediately agrees to try it.

3. This line has given editors much unnecessary trouble. The meaning is obviously, to use Dr. Johnson's paraphrase, "His haste shall not be abated by my slowness." According to modern standards the words would mean the reverse; but *to slack* may be taken in the sense, "that I should slack," "in order to slack."

5. *uneven*, "indirect, not straightforward" (Dowden). *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 298: "Be even and direct with me," shows the contrary term.

11. *marriage*, a trisyllable; see Appendix D.

18-36. Rolfe thinks that "this part of the scene evidently came from the first draft of the play." Not necessarily; it is the sort of "give and take" dialogue that is frequent throughout the Elizabethan drama, and Juliet's assumed lightness at first makes more effective her declaration of despair on the moment of Paris's departure.

21. *What must be shall be*, Italian "*che sera sera (sarà)*," quoted by Marlowe and translated. The sentiment is common with Shakespeare and his contemporaries.

29. *abused*, disfigured, defaced; < Lat. *abutor*, *abusus*, < *ab*, away from, + *utor*, use.

38. *evening mass*. The term has called forth from several editors' comment on Shakespeare's "error" as to Roman Catholic usages, but the dramatist is right. Bowdon's *Religion of Shakespeare* (1899) shows "that *mass* was used of various church offices; that in the stricter sense of *mass* there was great latitude in ancient times as to the hour; that Pius V. (1566-72) prohibited evening masses; that the new law was slow in coming into operation in Germany, and perhaps in England; finally, that in Verona the forbidden custom lingered to the nineteenth century" (Dowden).

41. *shield*, avert, forbid, as in *All's Well*, i. 3. 174: "God shield you mean it not."

devotion, a quadrisyllable. See Appendix D, and cf. iii. 5. 29, *division*.

44-5. It is worthy of note that in this outburst of Juliet's deep anguish every word is a simple monosyllable.

54. *this knife*. It seems to have been a custom for ladies of that day to wear knives at their girdles with which to cut meat at dinner.

57. *label*. To deeds in Elizabethan times labels, not stamps, were affixed. These labels were the strips of ribbon or parchment to which seals were attached.

62. *extremes*, extreme hardships or sufferings.

62 ff. This knife shall determine the issue between me and my sufferings. In Brooke Juliet tells her mother that rather than marry Paris she will pierce her breast with "bloody knife."

64. *commission*, authority.

78. *yonder tower*. Again a restoration by Pope from Q1. Ulrici adopts and defends the reading of Qq, Ff. "any tower," as more natural and more vigorous. The reading of the text is dramatically much more effective. Cf. note to iii. 5. 4, above.

79. *thievish ways*, i. e. roads or paths frequented by thieves.

89 120. Shakespeare again closely follows Brooke. See Appendix B, 1.

105. *two and forty hours*. Shakespeare here departs from his source, probably, as Dowden suggests, in order to give "an air of precision and verisimilitude to the Friar's arrangement." Since no amount of arithmetic will make these figures accord exactly with the situation in the final act, several emendations have been proposed here. Editors sometimes forget that these plays were written for the stage, and that audiences in Shakespeare's day were not accustomed to figure out time analyses in their notebooks.

109. *as the manner of our country is*. The explanatory clause is put in for the benefit of the English audience. Shakespeare found this Italian custom particularly alluded to in Brooke. It is also referred to in Coryat's *Crudities* (1776), ii. 27.

114. *drift*, scheme, design; literally, driving, < M. E. *drift*, verbal abstract < A. S. *drifan*, drive. Cf. ii. 3. 55, above.

119. *no inconstant toy*. No light whim, caprice. Cf. Brooke, ll. 2189-90:

"God grant he so confirm in thee thy present will,
That no inconstant toy thee let thy promise to fulfil."

122. *get you gone*. Reflexive use of the verb. Abbott, § 296.

SCENE 2

In this scene, while the hostile forces are apparently triumphant, we find Juliet, in obedience to the counsel of the Friar, again deceiving them with pretended submission.

2. *twenty cunning cooks*. Capulet has evidently forgotten his intention not to "revel much" on account of Tybalt's death.

6. *an ill cook*, etc., a proverbial expression occurring also in Puttenham's *Art of English Poesie* (1589): "A bad cook that cannot his own fingers lick."

14. *peevisish self-will'd harlotry*. Cf. *1 Henry IV*, iii. 1. 198, where Glendower, who really loves his daughter, says that she is "a peevisish self-will'd harlotry, one that no persuasion can do good upon."

26. *becomed*, becoming. For this frequent Elizabethan idiom, cf. Abbott, §§ 294, 374.

31. Brooke, ll. 2249-50 :

"In all our commonweal scarce one is to be found
But is for some good turn, unto this holy father bound."

33. *closet*, chamber, private room.

39. *near night*, a deft touch by the dramatist looking forward to the next scene, and giving point to Lady Capulet's housewifely concern. It troubles some critics that it should be just after day-break when Juliet departs for the Friar's cell, but near night when she returns. An Elizabethan audience would not have demanded a foolishly close attention to consistency in such details.

SCENE 3

Here the desperate remedy proposed by the Friar is finally put to the test. After playing her part with her mother and the Nurse, as in Scene 1 with Paris, and in Scene 2 with her father, Juliet by the supreme effort of her life dares even the tomb for the sake of her husband. The fact that her actual awakening in Act v. is dramatically foreshadowed intensifies the horror.

1. *ay*. Evidently in answer to a question of the Nurse as to the garments she wished to put on for her wedding day. How closely Shakespeare follows Brooke throughout this scene will appear by comparison with the summary of the poem, Appendix B, 1.

2. *leave me to myself*. Juliet is following out the Friar's instructions, iv. 1. 91, above. The Nurse is in the habit of sleeping in Juliet's chamber.

5. *cross*, perverse; not "ill-tempered."

12. *this so sudden business*. The irony in the phrase should not be overlooked.

19. *must act alone*. Here is the pathos of the whole situation.

The young girl who so desires counsel and sympathy is cut off from help in every direction.

20. *Come, vial.* Note the metrical pause after these words.

23. *this shall forbid it.* See note on iv. 1. 54, above.

24-58. The reading of these lines in Q 1 will be found in Appendix A, IV.

29. Cf. line 270 of the final scene, "We still have known thee for a holy man."

39. *As, i. e.* "as, for example." Cf. *Hamlet*, i. 4. 25: "As, in their birth."

receptacle. Cf. *Titus Andronicus*, i. 1. 92: "O sacred réceptacle of my joys."

42. *green, i. e.* fresh; cf. *Sonnets*. lxxiii. 13-4:

"His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green."

47. *mandrakes.* On account of the resemblance of the mandrake, or mandragora, root and the human figure, and perhaps also on account of the first syllable of its name, it was popularly supposed to be engendered by dead criminals. When the root was torn from the ground, it is said to utter such shrieks that those hearing it went mad or died. Steevens collected a number of literary allusions to this belief, to which Shakespeare again refers in *2 Henry VI*, iii. 2. 310: "Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan."

57. *stay*=stop, don't follow Romeo.

58. *within the curtains.* This stage direction is taken from Q 1. The *curtains* fell from the raised stage, or balcony, and were used, when necessary, to shut off that portion underneath. Juliet falls upon her bed, the curtains close in front of her, and the action then goes forward in the *Hall* in front.

SCENE 4

2. *pastry* here means place where pastry is prepared, pantry, larder.

4. *curfew.* Originally applied only to the evening bell, the term came to include other ringings.

't is three o'clock. Still another marking of the time, but note that several hours seem to pass within a few minutes, for at the close it is day and time to waken Juliet. Q 1 reads *fourre a clocke*.

N. E. Dict. quotes the Liverpool Municipal Records of 1673 and 1704 to show that the curfew was there rung at four o'clock.

5. *baked meats*, pies, pastry; particularly applied to meat pies.

Angelica, probably the name of Lady Capulet, as the remark would be addressed to her rather than to the Nurse.

6. *Spare not for cost*. This is the same Capulet who in the last scene would fain hire twenty cunning cooks, and who in i. 5 refuses to harm even his bitter enemies, so long as they are his guests. Shakespeare got the hint from Brooke, who tells us, l. 158, that Capel "spar'th for no cost" in his banquet.

6-8. *Go, you cot-quean*, etc. Some editors assign this speech to Lady Capulet, thinking it too bold for the Nurse to utter. But the latter is allowed exceptional liberties with her tongue, and usually takes advantage of them. Mark her plain language to Capulet, iii. 5. 169 ff.

11. *mouse-hunt*. See Glossary.

26. *the bridegroom he is come*. For the redundant pronoun, cf. Abbott, § 243.

SCENE 5

This scene shows the apparent success of the Friar's plan and the defeat of the counterplot, leaving the audience in hopes that the story may yet end happily. Hence the tone of farce in the grief-making, and the comic interlude at the close of the scene are dramatically effective.

1. The line is scanned, No. 11, in Appendix D.

12. *down, i.e.* in bed.

25 ff. The directness and evident restraint of this speech indicate Capulet's genuine affection for his child. If we are to judge from his speeches here, his grief is more sincere than that of any one else present.

32. *will not let me speak*. Malone quotes from Brooke the statement that Capulet was so grief-stricken that he had no power to weep "ne yet to speak," and adds that Shakespeare was here following the poem closely, "without recollecting that he had made Capulet in this scene clamorous in his grief." The latter assertion may be doubted. As Rolfe suggests, it would be perfectly natural for the old man to make this speech and afterwards become "clamorous in his grief." Consistency is not one of Capulet's virtues.

40. *living*, property, possessions; as in *Winter's Tale*, iv. 3. 104, "where my land and living lies."

41. *I thought long to see*, it seemed to me a long time until I could see. Brooke, l. 2274, tells us that Paris's "longing heart thinks long for their appointed hour." The phrase is common, occurring again in at least two anonymous plays which Shakespeare knew. In *The Troublesome Reign of King John*, Part II, we have :

"The nobles, commons, clergie, all estates . . .
Thinke longe to see their new elected king."

Again in the older *King Leir*, l. 499, Ragan says of her betrothed, "Well, I thinke long untill I see my Morgan."

48. *catch'd*. An unusual form found again in *Coriolanus*, i. 3. 68.

49 ff. Perhaps, as R. G. White suggests, Shakespeare is here ridiculing the style of the 1581 translation of Seneca's *Tragedies*. Dowden compares the Pyramus and Thisbe play in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Much Elizabethan poetry is of this same florid style.

56. *detestable*. For accent see Appendix D, and cf. v. 3. 45, below.

60. *Uncomfortable*, affording no comfort, joyless.

65. *confusion's*, ruin's, destruction's ; quibbling with *confusions*, below, which has the modern sense. Cf. *confounds* in ii. 6. 13, above.

The Friar proves a good actor here. Nothing in his behavior indicates his knowledge that Juliet is not really dead.

70. *his*, its, as in ii. 6. 12, above.

72. *advanced*, exalted, as in v. 3. 96, below, with a play on the usual sense of the word.

76. *she is well*, a phrase often used as a euphemism for death. Cf. v. 1. 17, below.

79. *rosemary*. See note on ii. 4. 226, above. Several editors cite Dekker, *Wonderful Year* (*Works*, ed. Grosart, i. 129): "The rosemary that was washt in sweete water to set out the Bridall is now wet in teares to furnish her buriall."

80. *as the custom is*. See note on iv. 1. 109, above.

84. The corresponding passage in Brooke is quoted, Appendix B.

99. *case*. The Nurse of course uses the word in the common sense of "state of affairs," but the musician quibbles, applying it to the cover for his instrument.

101. *Enter Peter*. From two of the Quartos we learn that Will Kemp, the famous comedian, who belonged to Shakespeare's com-

pany of actors, played the part of Peter, for they read here, "*Enter Will Kemp.*" This portion of the scene was probably written particularly for him. Some time has to elapse between Juliet's supposed death and the announcement of the fact to Romeo in the next scene. In the interim Kemp may well entertain the audience after the manner of the gravedigger in *Hamlet*, v. 1, and the drunken porter in *Macbeth*, ii. 3. Were Juliet really dead, this unseemly mirth in her home might shock our sense of decency.

103. "*Heart's ease*," the name of a popular tune mentioned in Rychardes's *Misogonus* (circa 1560). The music is to be found in Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music*, p. 193.

107. Steevens points out that the burden of the first stanza of "A Pleasant New Ballad of Two Lovers," which was reprinted in the *Shakespeare Society Papers*, i. 12, is "Hey ho! my heart is full of woe."

107-8. *merry dump*. Peter gets his terms mixed, as *dump* means a doleful strain.

115. "To give *the gleek*" was to scoff, to mock. Perhaps there was in the term *minstrel* some contemptuous connotation not now present.

117-8. *serving-creature*, i. e. retort by calling you a serving-creature, which seems to have been another insulting term.

120. *carry no crotchets*, put up with none of your whims. A quibble is here, *crotchets* meaning "musical characters," as well as "caprices."

121. *re you . . . fa you*. Ulrici suggests more quibbles. *Ray* meant to *befoul*, and *fay* to *cleanse*. Peter might do both with a "dry-beating."

125. *have at you*. "Peter takes *put out* not as meant, i. e. extinguish, but as the opposite of *put up* (your dagger), and so draw, unsheathe" (Dowden).

128. *When griping grief*, etc. The entire poem quoted here may be found in Percy's *Reliques*, Series I, Book 2, under the title, "A Song to the Lute in Musicke." It was written by Richard Edwards, and published in the *Paradyse of Daynty Devises* (1576), a famous Elizabethan anthology.

132. *Simon Catling*. The surname, like those of *Rebeck* and *Soundpost*, below, indicates the profession. Catling is "a small lute-string made of catgut"; and rebeck, "an instrument of three strings" (Steevens). Cf. Milton's *L'Allegro*: "And the jocund rebecks sound."

135. *Pretty!* Peter is patronizing the musicians for their answers to his riddle. Pope restored the word from Q 1, in place of *Prates*, as in Q 2, and *Pratest* in Q 3, F. A similar replacement occurred in l. 138, below. Few editors reject Pope's reading.

147. *pestilent*, pestering, plaguy.

ACT V — SCENE 1

Neither Paris nor the Capulets, whom Juliet has so outwitted, prove to be the lovers' most formidable foes, but it is now seen that they are fighting against their own evil fate, or the stars, as already hinted several times in the play. Here a mistaken report of Juliet's death hurries Romeo on to the catastrophe.

1. The meaning is, If I may trust that creation of sleep, *i. e.* my dream, "which bears the flattering semblance of truth." Q 1 reads "eye" of sleep, which many editors prefer. "Ruth," "sooth," "death," and other unnecessary substitutes for *truth* have been suggested.

3. *bosom's lord*, heart. Steevens notes that in Chester's *Love's Martyr* (1601), the phrase occurs and is marginally explained as Cupid.

4. *an unaccustom'd spirit*. It is unusual for Romeo to be so cheerful that he can interpret an evil dream as presaging good. His cheerfulness began, we remember, the morning of his departure from Juliet, when he endeavored to calm her presentiments.

Munro, following Skeat, compares with this passage a famous one in Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*, v. 1164 ff. There Troilus, like Romeo, separated from his love, and about to receive evil news of her, says:

"But hardely, it is not al for nought
That in myn herte I now reioyse thus.
It is ayein som good I have a thought.
Noot I not how, but sin that I was wrought
Ne felte I swich a confort, dar I seye;
She comth to-night, my lyf, that dorste I leye!"

In each case the story gains dramatically by the strong contrast between what the hero expects to hear and what he really hears about his loved one.

8. Steevens compares Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* (published 1598): "He kissed her and breathed life into her lips." The figure may easily have occurred to the two writers independently, but Shakespeare may have known the poem in manuscript, as Marlowe died in 1593. The poem is quoted in *As You Like It*, iii. 5. 82, and referred to, *ibid.*, iv. 1. 100-6.

10. *Ah me!* This may be, as Rolfe implies, only another instance of the lover's sigh. Cf. i. 1. 167; ii. 1. 10; ii. 2. 25, and iii. 2. 36, above.

11. *booted*, to indicate that he had come on horseback.

17. *is well*. Cf. note on iv. 5. 76, above.

18. *Capels'*, another form of Capulets' which Shakespeare found also in Brooke.

21. *presently*. See Glossary; cf. *present*, l. 51, below.

22. *pardon me*, an allusion to the ancient custom of punishing the bringer of evil tidings, occasionally by death, while the messenger of good was rewarded. Balthasar seems almost to deserve severe punishment for the promptness and bluntness with which he delivers the false news.

these ill news. See note on ii. 5. 22.

24. Note the simplicity of the words, yet, as Clarke says: "There is a terribly quiet depth of concentrated anguish and will in this brief despairing ejaculation of Romeo's that is more expressive than a hundred raving lines of lament would be." According to Fuller, in Struijs Romeo does rave at some length: "Is my mistress dead? Is it true? How comes it then that Phoebus still shines on? Or can he still without flickering cast his gaze upon the earth?" And this vein continues for several lines more.

27. *patience*, a trisyllable.

36. *in*, into; cf. Abbott, § 159.

39. *weeds*, clothing, garments; "widows' weeds" illustrates the term.

overwhelming, overhanging.

45 ff. This description was suggested by Brooke, though the concrete details are Shakespeare's. See Appendix B.

60. *Gear* = stuff. The language is close to Brooke's.

61. Cf. Lyly, *Euphues* (*Works*, ed. Bond, p. 218): "One droppe of poyson disperseth it selfe into everye vaine."

67. *any he*, any man; a frequent Elizabethan usage. Cf. Abbott, § 224.

utters, puts into circulation, trades in. *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 330, says that money "doth utter" ware.

68. *bare*, poor, lean; Falstaff's men in *1 Henry IV*, iv. 2. 75, are said to be "poor and bare."

77 ff. Steevens thought that perhaps Shakespeare in this speech "had not quite forgotten" Chaucer's *Pardoner's Tale*, in which an apothecary speaks similarly of the "violent" poison which he is selling. This suggestion is confirmed by Romeo's reply, which contains the very moral enforced and reiterated by Chaucer throughout the tale.

SCENE 2

looks backward to Scene 1, explaining why the true account of Juliet did not reach Romeo, and forward to Scene 3, suggesting that the Friar may yet be in time to avert the catastrophe.

5. *bare-foot brother*. Dowden notes that this information is gleaned from Brooke, but that the poem places the pestilence at Mantua. See Appendix B, 1.

16. *infection*, a quadrisyllable; see Appendix D.

18. *nice*. For the meaning of this word see Glossary.

charge, weight, importance.

19. *dear*, *i. e.* of great importance.

21. *crow*, crow-bar. *The Comedy of Errors*, iii. 1. 80: "Go borrow me a crow."

SCENE 3

Seemingly Fortune, or, as Romeo believes, their evil star, determines the fate of the lovers. Had Juliet's sleeping potion lost its effect a half-hour earlier, had the Friar arrived at the tomb a few moments sooner, the lives of both lovers would have been saved. Even Paris, by chance meeting Romeo at the grave, is involved in their common fate. But only a sacrifice like this could mitigate the long-standing hatred between the families. Such is the dramatic explanation of the reconciliation.

1. In Brooke the name of Paris does not occur after the wedding morning. His presence at the tomb, and death there in defence of the family honor appear to be inventions of Shakespeare, who has notably exalted the character of Juliet's wooer.

3. *lay thee all along*, lie at full length. Note the reflexive use.

12. Cf. *Hamlet*, v. 1. 266 ff., where the Queen strews flowers over Ophelia's grave and employs similar language.

12-7. For the form of these lines in Q 1, see Appendix A, IV. Metrically they make a sestette. See note on i. 2. 46-51, above.

14. *sweet water*, water which has been perfumed.

41. *take thou that*. Romeo throws him a purse.

44. *doubt*, distrust, have suspicions about.

45. *detestable*. For accent see Appendix D.

59. *youth*. Romeo consistently addresses Paris as too young a man to fight, just as he himself is addressed by Tybalt in iii. 1. As in that scene he shows here an aversion to personal combat and a desire for peace, but Fate is against him each time.

84. *lantern* here signifies a tower erected on top of a building and furnished with windows to admit light. Juliet's grave is like such a tower.

86. *presence*, presence chamber, or room in which a person of rank receives visitors.

87. *by a dead man*. "Romeo being now determined to put an end to his life, considers himself as already dead" (Malone).

90. *lightning before death*. Steevens shows by several quotations that this was a proverbial expression for an exaltation of the spirits just before expiring. The *lightning* just below is a pun for a lightening of spirits.

94-6. With this passage Steevens compares Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond* (1592), ll. 773-5:

"And nought-respecting death (the last of paines)
Plac'd his pale colours (th' ensigne of his might)
Upon his new-got spoyle before his right."

96. *advanced*, raised, exalted; cf. iv. 5. 72, above.

97. In this address to Tybalt Shakespeare is once more closely following Brooke.

103. Fuller compares a passage in Struijs immediately following Romeo's receipt of the news of Juliet's death. There Romeo exclaims: "O death, O cruel death! thee will I curse to all eternity . . . O archer, void of reason, or else uncertain of thy aim! thou hast envied the earth the fostering of her, and thou grudgest me the joyful embraces of such a wife."

103-5. Here again, as Malone points out, is a close resemblance to Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, ll. 841-5, which run:

"Ah, how me thinkes I see Death dallying seekes,
To entertaine it selfe in Loves sweet place. . . .
And ugly Death sits faire within her face."

110. *set up my everlasting rest*, a metaphor from card-playing which appears frequently in Elizabethan literature. For a player

to set up his rest meant literally to lay his heaviest wager, to venture all. Romeo also has in mind the literal meaning of the phrase, as has the King in *Lear*, i. 1. 125. Cf. too iv. 5. 6, above.

111. *inauspicious stars*. To the last Romeo ascribes his misfortunes to the influence of the planets.

115. "An everlasting bargain to Death, who buys up wholesale."

116. *conduct*. See Glossary, and cf. iii. 1. 129, above.

117. *desperate pilot*. Romeo has used the same metaphor before, i. 4. 112, above. But there he seems to refer to Fate, while here the pilot is himself.

121. *speed*, a guarding Power who promotes success < A. S. *spēd*, success.

131. *go with me*. Even the eminently sensible Friar has enough human nature in his make-up to fear going alone at night to a tomb.

145. *unkind*. For accentuation see Appendix D.

148. *comfortable*, comforting, inclined to comfort or console; cf. *uncomfortable*, iv. 5. 60.

162. *timeless*, untimely.

170. *rust*. Many editors prefer the *rest* of Q 1. Reference to a sheath was first made in Q 2, where the reading is that of the present text.

dies. On the stage to-day the play frequently ends here. The hero and the heroine are both dead, and what follows is thought to be in the nature of an anti-climax. But, as Dr. Fuller has suggested to me, this ending would not satisfy a story-loving Elizabethan audience. They would wish to know what became of the minor characters, and perhaps to have the moral of the story set down at length. Besides, as some one else suggests, it is Shakespeare's habit to use an anti-climax in order to bring the audience back to life.

173. *attach*, arrest.

176. *these two days*. The sleeping potion was to have its effect for "two and forty hours." Cf. iv. 1. 105.

179-80. Note the quibbling even at this juncture.

181. *circumstance*. See note on ii. 5. 36, above.

203. *his house*, the dagger's sheath. Cf. note on ii. 6. 12, above.

204. *on the back*, where the dagger was customarily worn, as Steevens proves by several citations.

207. *my old age*. Rolfe notes this as a slip. Probably the phrase is due to carelessness on Shakespeare's part, though in view of all her afflictions Lady Capulet may well have felt old.

210. *My wife is dead.* The tender sympathy of Lady Montague for her son effectively contrasts with Lady Capulet's hardness toward her daughter. Cf. i. 1. 123-4.

211. After this line in Q 1 we have: "And young Benvolio is deceased too."

214. *manners is.* For the usage of a singular verb with certain nouns plural in form but singular in meaning, cf. Abbott, § 333. *News* to-day is similarly used.

216. *outrage*, outcry, passionate outburst.

222. *parties of suspicion*, persons under suspicion, suspected ones. The plural of *party* in the sense of "people" is heard to-day, but outside of the courts is considered vulgar.

223 ff. "Shakespeare was led into this uninteresting narrative by following *Romeus and Juliet* too closely" (Malone). But Professor Chambers suggests that it is necessary to prepare Montague and Capulet for reconciliation.

229. *I will be brief.* In Brooke the Friar's speech is anything but brief.

247. *as.* Cf. Abbott, § 114, for the redundant use.

255. *closely*, secretly; our phrase, "keep it close," is founded on the same sense.

273. *in post*, post haste.

280. *made*, was doing, as frequently in Shakespeare.

284. *by and by.* See note to ii. 2. 151, above.

295. *brace of kinsmen*, i. e. Mercutio and Paris.

305-10. Note the sestette again.

308. According to Brooke, the Nurse and the Apothecary were punished, Romeo's servant was pardoned, and Friar Laurence retired to a hermitage.

APPENDIX A

READINGS OF THE FIRST QUARTO

As already stated in the Introduction, the accepted text of *Romeo and Juliet* is based not on the First Quarto (published by Danter in 1597), but chiefly on the Second Quarto (published by Creede in 1599), which bears on its title-page the statement that the play has been "newly corrected, augmented, and amended." The relation between the two quartos is clearly set forth by Mr. P. A. Daniel in the introduction to his edition of the *Parallel Texts* :

"A hasty and separate perusal of Q 1 may leave the reader with the impression that it represents an earlier play than that given in the subsequent editions ; read line by line with Q 2 its true character soon becomes apparent. It is an edition made up partly from copies of portions of the original play, partly from recollection and from notes taken during the performance. Q 2 gives us for the first time a substantially true representation of the original play. Still, Q 1 is of great value, as it affords the means of correcting many errors which crept into the 'copy' from which Q 2 was printed, and also, in its more perfect portions, affords conclusive evidence that that 'copy' underwent revision, received some slight augmentations, and, in some few places, must have been entirely rewritten."

To portray this situation more graphically, information is given below as to (1) acts and scenes where Q 1 practically coincides with the present text ; (2) passages in the accepted text omitted from Q 1 ; (3) some cases of evident garbling in Q 1 ; (4) some cases in which revision is evident between the writing of Q 1 and that of Q 2.

I. PASSAGES IN WHICH Q 1 SUBSTANTIALLY AGREES WITH Q 2

i. 1. 162-222 ; i. 2 ; i. 3. 1-48 ; i. 4. 1-16 and 35-114 ; i. 5. 29-146.

ii. 1 ; ii. 2. 1-120 ; ii. 3 ; ii. 4. 1-204.

iii. 1. 1-33; iii. 3. 1-117 and 155-74; iii. 4; iii. 5. 1-36, 130-205 and 214-42.

iv. 1. 1-51 and 61-98; iv. 2; iv. 4; iv. 5. 107-50.

v. 1.

II. PASSAGES OMITTED FROM Q 1

(This list is not intended to be complete. Minor verbal differences are necessarily not taken into account. For practical purposes passages of less than five lines have been excluded.)

i. 1. 67-87, 115-22, 136-46, 151-61, 223-44; i. 3. 49-57, 69-73, 79-95; i. 4. 17-28; i. 5. 1-17, 24-8.

ii. Chorus; ii. 2. 121-35, 150-6; ii. 3. 9-14; ii. 4. 205-31; ii. 5. 5-17, 20-4, 28-37; ii. 6 (Rewritten. Cf. IV, below).

iii. 1. 52-8, 95-113 (Rewritten), 160-8; iii. 2. 5-33, 42-51, 57-60 (Rewritten), 74-82, 93-9, 102-6, 114-22, 132-9; iii. 3. 118-34, 149-54; iii. 5. 37-41, 60-4, 72-7, 83-8, 97-103, 206-13.

iv. 1. 52-60, 99-103, 106-14, 116-26; iv. 2. 40-5; iv. 3. 8-13, 15-20, 24-56 (Rewritten); iv. 5. 26-32, 43-64 (Rewritten), 66-79, 82-97, 102-6.

v. 2. 24-9; v. 3. 6-11, 13-7 (Rewritten), 79-86, 92-102, 104-8, 111-6, 177-83, 217-21, 224-31, 236-42, 245-9 (Rewritten), 252-6.

III. INSTANCES OF GARBLED LINES IN Q 1

Numerous lines in Q 1 show text corruption, due either to misprinting or to misunderstanding the original version. A few of the more striking cases will illustrate how the corruption arose.

In Q 1 the Prologue reads :

“Two houshold Friends alike in dignitie,
 (In faire *Verona*, where we lay our Scene)
 From civill broyles broke into enmitie,
 Whose civill warre makes civill handes uncleane.
 From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,
 A paire of starre-crost Louers tooke their life:
 Whose misadventures, piteous overthrowes,
 (Through the continuing of their Fathers strife,
 And death-markt passage of their Parents rage)
 Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage.
 The which if you with patient ears attend,
 What here we want wee'l studie to amend.”

Though these lines are the same in effect as the lines in other quartos, on comparison one will find only twelve lines in the Q 1 version as against fourteen in Q 2. Q 1 omits altogether l. 11, confuses the wording of ll. 9 and 10, combining the two, and makes minor changes in other lines.

i. 5. 107 reads: "Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake."

In place of this Q 1 has: "Saints doe not moove though: grant nor praiet forsake."

ii. 2. 188: "Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!"

Q 1 runs: "I would that I were sleep and peace of sweet to rest."

iii. 1. 12-4: "Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved."

Q 1: "Go too, thou art as hot a Iacke being moovde, and as soone moovde to be moodie, and as soone moodie to be moovd."

iii. 5. 44-5: "I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days."

Q 1: "I must heare from thee everie day in the hower:
For in an hower there are manie minutes,
Minutes are dayes, so will I number them."

iii. 5. 226-7: "Your first is dead; or 't were as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him."

Q 1: "As for your husband he is dead:
Or twere as good he were, for you have no use of him."

iv. 5. 38-40: "Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,
And leave him all."

Q 1: "Death is my Sonne in Law, to him I give all that I have."

v. 3. 133-4: "And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents."

Q 1: "On paine of death he chargde me to be gone,
And not for to disturbe him in his enterprize."

v. 3. 140-1: "Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?"

Q 1: "What bloud is this that staines the entrance
Of this marble stony monument?"

IV. PASSAGES IN Q 1 REVISED IN THE COMPOSITION OF Q 2

Comparison of certain passages in Q 1 with corresponding lines in Q 2 point clearly to the author's revision of the play after Q 1 was written. These passages from Q 1 follow.

Corresponding to ii. 6 of our text, Q 1 reads :

Enter Romeo, Friar.

Rom : Now Father *Laurence*, in thy holy grant
Consists the good of me and *Iuliet*.

Fr : Without more words I will doo all I may,
To make you happie if in me it lye.

Rom : This morning here she pointed we should meet,
And consumate those never parting bands,
Witnes of our harts love by ioyning hands,
And come she will.

Fr : I gesse she will indeed,
Youths love is quicke, swifter than swiftest speed.

Enter Iuliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.

See where she comes.

So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower :
Of love and ioy, see see the soveraigne power.

Iul : *Romeo*.

Rom : My *Iuliet* welcome. As doo waking eyes
(Cloasd in Nights mysts) attend the frolicke Day,
So *Romeo* hath expected *Iuliet*,
And thou art come.

Iul : I am (if I be Day)
Come to my Sunne : shine foorth, and make me faire.

Rom : All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes.

Iul : *Romeo* from thine all brightnes doth arise.

Fr : Come wantons, come, the stealing houres do passe
Defer imbracements till some fitter time,
Part for a while, you shall not be alone,
Till holy Church haue ioynd ye both in one.

Rom : Lead holy Father, all delay seemes long.

Iul : Make hast, make hast, this lingring doth us wrong.

Fr : O, soft and faire makes sweetest worke they say.
Hast is a common hindrer in crosse way. *Exeunt omnes.*

Corresponding to iii. 1. 95-113, Q 1 has :

Rom. What art thou hurt man, the wound is not deepe.

Mer. Noe not so deepe as a Well, not so wide as a barne doore, but it will serve I warrant. What meant you to come betweene us? I was hurt under your arme.

Rom. I did all for the best.

Mer. Apoxe of your houses, I am fairely drest. Sirra goe fetch me a Surgeon.

Boy. I goe my Lord.

Mer. I am pepperd for this world, I am sped yfaith, he hath made wormes meate of me, & ye aske for me to morrow you shall finde me a grave-man. A poxe of your houses, I shall be fairely mounted upon foure mens shoulders: For your house of the *Mountegues* and the *Capolets*: and then some peasantly rogue, some Sexton, some base slave shall write my Epitaph, that *Tybalt* came and broke the Princes Lawes, and *Mercutio* was slaine for the first and second cause. Wher 's the Surgeon?

Boy. Hee 's come sir.

Mer. Now heele keepe a mumbling in my guts on the other side, come *Benvolio*, lend me thy hand: a poxe of your houses.

Exeunt.

Corresponding to iii. 2. 57-60, Q. 1 reads :

Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, what disaster hap
Hath severd thee from thy true *Juliet*?
Ah why should Heaven so much conspire with Woe,
Or Fate envie our happie Marriage,
So soone to sunder us by timelesse Death?

Corresponding to iv. 3. 24-58 are these lines :

What if this Potion should not worke at all,
Must I of force be married to the Countie?
This shall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.
What if the Frier should give me this drinke
To poyson mee, forseare I should disclose
Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,
He is a holy and religious Man:
I will not entertaine so bad a thought.
What if I should be stifled in the Toomb?
Awake an houre before the appointed time:
Ah then I feare I shall be lunaticke,
And playing with my dead forefathers bones,

Dash out my franticke braines. Me thinkes I see
 My Cosin *Tybalt* weltring in his bloud,
 Seeking for *Romeo*: stay *Tybalt* stay,
Romeo I come, this doe I drinke to thee.

Corresponding to iv. 5. 41-64 are these lines :

Par: Have I thought long to see this mornings face,
 And doth it now present such prodigies?
 Accurst, unhappy, miserable man,
 Forlorne, forsaken, destitute I am:
 Borne to the world to be a slave in it.
 Distrest, remediles, and unfortunate.
 O heavens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,
 To live so vile, so wretched as I shall.
Cap: O heere she lies that was our hope, our ioy,
 And being dead, dead sorrow nips us all.

All at once cry out and wring their hands.

All cry: And all our ioy, and all our hope is dead,
 Dead, lost, undone, absented, wholly fled.

Cap: Cruel, uniust, impartiall destinies,
 Why to this day have you preserv'd my life?
 To see my hope, my stay, my ioy, my life,
 Deprivde of sence, of life, of all by death,
 Cruell, uniust, impartiall destinies.

Cap: O sad fac'd sorrow map of misery,
 Why this sad time have I desird to see.
 This day, this uniust, this impartiall day
 Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,
 To be deprivde by suddaine destinie.

Moth: O woe, alacke, distrest, why should I live?
 To see this day, this miserable day.
 Alacke the time that ever I was borne.
 To be partaker of this destinie,
 Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.

Corresponding to v. 3. 12-7 are the following lines :

Par: Sweete Flower, with flowers I strew thy Bridale bed:
 Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite dost containe,
 The perfect modell of eternitie:
 Faire *Iuliet* that with Angells dost remaine,
 Accept this latest favour at my hands,
 That living honourd thee, and being dead
 With funerall praises doo adorne thy Tombe.

APPENDIX B

EARLIER VERSIONS OF THE STORY

TABULAR VIEW

Shakespeare compared with Brooke and Painter

NOTE. — Below is an attempt to represent graphically the agreement between *Romeo and Juliet* and earlier versions of the same story by Arthur Brooke and William Painter. In the first column are references to the play, while in the second the corresponding passages in Brooke's poem are indicated. In the second column passages enclosed thus *—* refer to matter contained in Brooke alone and not in Painter, or his immediate source, Boaistuau. No table, however, can satisfactorily present the situation, for not only has Shakespeare changed numerous details of the story that cannot be represented in tabular form, but also his inspiration for a phrase or an incident is frequently to be found at some point in Brooke far removed from the context. For example, the wording at iv. 5. 84-90, was undoubtedly suggested by Brooke, ll. 2507-14; but the foundation of that scene was laid for Shakespeare in ll. 2403-72.

SHAKESPEARE		BROOKE
Prologue,	1-14.	Argument, ll. 1-14.
i. 1.	1-87.	ll. 955-92.
	88-165.
	166-244.	89-154.
2.	1-5.
	6-19.	{ 1857-60.
		{ 1881-88.
	20-106.
3.	
4.	

SHAKESPEARE		BROOKE
5.	1-55.	155-252.
	56-113.
	114-46.	319-64.
Prologue to ii.	
ii. 1.	
2.		467-564.
3.		565-616.
4.	1-181.
	182-232.	* — 631-73. — *
5.		* — 674-704. — *
6.		743-72.
iii. 1.	1-58.
	59-202.	955-1074.
2.	1-72.
	73-137.	1075-162.
	138-43.	1229-34.
3.		* — 1257-510. — *
4.		[suggested by 2256-78.]
5.	1-64.	1701-28.
	65-78.	1781-806.
	79-242.	1887-2004.
iv. 1.	1-43.	[suggested by 2265-72.]
	44-126.	2005-191. ¹
2.		2192-255.
3.		2313-402.
4.		* — 2281-7. — *
5.		2403-72.
v. 1.		2515-96. ²
2.		2473-503.
3.	1-21.
	22-48.	2613-30.
	49-87.
	88-310.	2631-3020.

¹ Brooke nowhere indicates how long the force of the powder would last, while Painter says it would continue "forty hours at the least," and Shakespeare, iv. 1. 105, makes it "two and forty hours."

² Painter makes Romeo pay the Apothecary fifty ducats; Shakespeare, v. 1. 59, forty ducats; Brooke, l. 2577, fifty crowns of gold.

1. BROOKE'S *Romeus and Juliet*

Arthur Brooke's *Romeus and Juliet* is a poem of 3020 lines, of six or seven feet each, rhymed in couplets. It was first printed at London in 1562. The text of the poem is preceded by a prose address to the reader, which, in pointing the moral of the story, strongly denounces its hero and heroine for neglecting the advice of parents and friends and concealing their marriage. Then comes an apparent reference to an earlier play on the subject, which is discussed elsewhere in this volume (*Introduction*, pp.xi.-xiii). Another address to the reader, in verse, informs him that Brooke has written other works, but this, "the eldest of them," is the first to be offered to the public. "The Argument," composed of fourteen rhymed pentameter lines, briefly sets forth the plot. The poem itself follows.

It opens with a picture of Verona, happy under the rule of Prince Escalus, but disturbed by strife between the Capulets¹ and Montagues.¹ Their wrath the Prince tried to assuage by gentle means and persuasion, but when these availed not, "by thund'ring threats and princely power."² Meanwhile Romeus, a Montague, an unbearded youth, famous for his beauty, fell in love with a fair maiden.³ To her he wrote, sent messages, and went in person to plead for grace, but she would not grant him a friendly look. The more she retired, the more he was pricked on. After many months, "hopeless of his recure," he thought to leave Verona, hoping that thereby he might quench the fire in his bosom. But he doubted whether to take this step. "*He moans the day, he wakes the long and weary night.*" His kindred and allies knew not what ailed him. One, "the trustiest" of his companions, "far more than he with counsel filled, and riper of his years,"⁴ rebuked Romeus for so wasting away the best part of his age. For Romeus's own sake, and for his father's sake he coun-

¹ Brooke has *Capelet*, *Capilet*, *Capel*; *Montagew*, *Montagewe*, *Montegue*, *Montague*, etc. Mr. J. J. Munro, in the latest edition of the poem, *The Shakespeare Classics* (London, 1908), modernizes the spelling, and is here followed.

² Apparently a hint from which Shakespeare built the whole conflict in i. 1. But the events of the latter resemble those of the fight which resulted in Tybalt's death.

³ Rosaline is not named.

⁴ Benvolio is not named by Brooke or Painter. Fuller states that he corresponds to Jacomo in the Dutch play.

selling the youth to remove the veil of love which blinded him, or else to bestow his heart elsewhere. To these words Romeus listened attentively, and pledged himself to frequent feasts by day, banquets by night, and to resort everywhere that ladies were wont to meet. All that he saw he would like indifferently, viewing them "with unallured eye."

"The weary winter nights restore the Christmas games," and the season invites "townish dames" to banquet. Capel,

i. 2. the chief of his house, began the banqueting. There was no lady or knight in Verona that Capel did not himself bid to the feast, or invite "by his name in paper sent."

Yet not a Montague would enter the gate, "save Romeus, and he in mask with hidden face," together with five companions pressed thither. After masking awhile, all unmasked and showed themselves to the ladies, though "bashful Romeus" withdrew into a nook. There the bright torches disclosed him to every one, and ladies wondered at his shape and beauty, and also at his courage in putting himself among so many foes. The Capulets disdained his presence, yet sup-

i. 5. pressed their ire, being loth, perhaps, to offend their guests, or perhaps fearing the Prince's wrath. Romeus, observing the ladies carefully, at length saw one of whom he told himself her "*like no hath, no shall be seen, no liveth in our days.*" While he looked on her, his former love was quite driven out. Not bold enough to ask her name, Romeus fed his eyes on her. Juliet, for so was the damsel called, cast eyes on him and was touched by Love's arrow. A comely knight now led Juliet forth to dance, and Romeus took a place near the seat that must be hers after the measure was done. At one side of her chair then sat Romeo,¹ while on the other side sat one Mercutio :

"A courtier that each where was highly had in price,
For he was courteous of his speech, and pleasant of device.
Even as a lion would among the lambs be bold,
Such was among the bashful maids Mercutio to behold."²

Mercutio seized Juliet's right hand, although by nature his own hands were twice as cold as "frozen mountain ice." Romeus thereupon caught her left hand. She pressed his palm in reply, and seeing that Love kept him silent, she opened her mouth to

¹ So spelled by Brooke, here alone, to rhyme with Mercutio.

² Mercutio is not mentioned elsewhere in the poem.

bless the time of his coming. Inquiring the reason he learned from her that her hand had been frozen by Mercutio's but was warmed by his. In response, Romeus affirmed that the love for her in his heart was far warmer than his hand. Juliet assured him that she was his, and, "*my honour saved*," ready to obey his will. Romeus asking of some her name, was dismayed to find that her father was a Capulet. He railed on Fortune and Love, but was glad that he served "*not a cruel one, as he had done of old*." The maid likewise desiring to learn his name, called her old Nurse. "*What twain are those*," she asked, "*which press unto the door?*" Then she inquired the name of the one "*in masking weed*," and was answered, "*His name is Romeus . . . a Montague*." With a show of joy "*she cloaked inward smart*," so that neither mother nor Nurse descried the hidden harm.

Then Juliet went to bed but not to sleep, pondering over her wretched state. She questioned whether in the person
ii. 2. of Romeus she had not been stung by a snake, whose purpose was to stain her honor by subtle sleight. But she concluded that this could not be in one of such perfect shape and beauty. Besides, she had seen in his face sure signs that he loved her. Finally she decided to love and serve him if he would make her his wife, for she hoped that this new alliance would bring "*unto our houses such a peace as ever shall endure*." By this time Romeus had forsaken his weary bed, and passing with lingering steps by Juliet's home, cast his eyes up to her window, where he espied his love, and was greeted with pleasant cheer. Often passing so through the coming days, in a happy hour he espied a garden plot which "*fronted full upon her leaning place*." Thither he went by night unafraid, for "*whom maketh Love not bold?*" Leaning out of her window one evening, Juliet beheld her lover in the bright moonlight and rejoiced to see him. But her first words were to reprove his recklessness. "*What if your deadly foes, my kinsmen, saw you here?*" Romeo replied that if need should arise, he could defend himself, but that life was not so dear that he would desire to live if he might sacrifice it for her sake. Juliet declared her heart knit to him, adding that if wedlock were his end, "*Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake, And following you whereso you go, my father's house forsake*." But she warned him to cease his suit if his intent was not honorable. At this Romeus rejoiced and promised to go before sunrise to Friar Laurence, his "*ghostly sire*," for advice; then to return at the same hour next night and tell her of it.

This barefoot friar was a doctor of divinity, acquainted with the secrets of nature, and beloved by all Verona. Of Romeus
 ii. 3. he was specially loved, and him the Friar liked best of all Verona youth. Romeus told him the lovers' whole story and with weeping eyes prayed him to accomplish all their desire.

"A thousand doubts and mo in th' old man's head arose,
 A thousand dangers like to come the old man doth disclose,
 And from the spousal rites he redeth him refrain,
 Perhaps he shall be bet advised within a week or twain.
 Advice is banished quite from those that follow love,
 Except advice to what they like their bending mind do move.
 As well the father might have counselled him to stay
 That from a mountain's top thrown down is falling half the way,
 As warn his friend to stop amid his race begun,
 Whom Cupid with his smarting whip enforceth forth to run.
 Part won by earnest suit, the friar doth grant at last;
 And part, because he thinks the storms, so lately overpast,
 Of both the households' wrath, this marriage might appease;
 So that they should not rage again, but quite for ever cease.
 The respite of a day he asketh to devise
 What way were best, unknown, to end so great an enterprise."¹

Meanwhile Juliet unwrapped the secrets of her heart to the Nurse, who was won "with promised hire" to hide them
 ii. 4. in her breast. To Romeus the Nurse was sent to learn the Friar's advice and the plan for marriage. "*On Saturday,*" quoth Romeus, "*if Juliet come to shrift, she shall be shrived and married.*" Such a crafty wile pleased mightily the Nurse, who promised to devise some excuse to have her come. Then she began babbling of Juliet's early years.

"*A pretty babe,*" quod she, "*it was when it was young;
 Lord, how it could full prettily have prated with it tongue!*"

At last this talk wearied even Romeus, who drew from his pocket six crowns of gold; for this gift she bowed low.
 ii. 5. To Juliet she then hied, and closing the door began to praise the shape and the face of Romeus. The girl answered that so she had ever thought, but what of the marriage? "*Soft,*" replied the Nurse, "*I fear your hurt by sudden joy.*" Juliet affirmed that she desired not to play, and learning that the wedding was no further off than Saturday, rejoiced greatly.

¹ Munro, ll. 597-612.

On Saturday Juliet got her mother's consent to go to shrift, with the Nurse and a maid. Asking if Friar Laurence

- ii. 6. had leisure¹ to hear her shrift, she was taken into his cell, while the Nurse and the maid were left outside.

In the cell Romeus was already waiting; to him "*Each minute seemed an hour, and every hour a day.*" The lovers then made confession to the Friar, and they were married. Romeus now asked his wife to send the Nurse to him again that afternoon to get a ladder of cord, by which at night he would climb to her window. The day seemed long to the lovers, "*each hour seems twenty year.*"

At the appointed hour Romeus walked to Capulet's garden, "so light he wox he leapt the wall," climbed the ladder, and

- iii. 5. met his wife. Juliet had "the waxen quarriers" lighted that she might behold her husband's beauty. Embracing

him she declared :

"*Let Fortune do, and death, their worst to me,
Full recompensed am I for all my passed harms.*"²

Each talked for some time. Thus the night passed.

"*The hastiness of Phoebus' steeds in great despite they blame,
The nigh approach of day's return these seely fools dis-eased.*"³

Romeus then took his leave but came again at the same hour every other night until misfortune overtook him.

Their bliss lasted only a month or twain. On the morning after

- iii. 1. Easter Day Tybalt, the Capulet's leader, called to his

followers to wreak vengeance on the Montagues, and himself led the furious charge. On each side the fray was long and stout. Hearing the noise, Romeus ran to the place of combat with a few companions, and they were moved with pity for the great slaughter. "*Part, friends,*" cried Romeus, but the combatants heard him not. Then he leapt into the throng to part and bar the blows. Tybalt thrust at him and would have pierced him through had not Romeus worn a coat of mail. "*I but part the fray,*" quoth Romeus. "*No, coward, traitor, boy,*" replied Tybalt, striking a blow at his head. Romeus returned the blow, they fought savagely, until Tybalt fell, slain by a thrust through the

¹ Cf. iv. 1. 37.

² Cf. ii. 6. 7-8, Romeo's challenge to Fate just before the wedding.

³ Cf. iii. 2. 1 ff.; iii. 5. 1 ff.

throat. Before the Prince the Capulets brought Tybalt's corpse, craving punishment for the slayer of their kinsman. The Montagues pleaded Romeus free of fault. Lookers-on asserted that Tybalt began the fight. But the Prince sentenced Romeus to exile, and charged both households on peril of their lives to cease the strife. News of these events caused grief every-

iii. 2. where; but most of all to Juliet, who tore her hair and rent her clothing, bewailing Tybalt's death and denouncing Romeus. Again repenting she blamed herself for touching the honor of her husband's name. Tybalt she pronounced faulty and Romeus guiltless. Then she swooned away, and some time later was found by the Nurse, who revived and comforted her. "*Tybalt, your friend, is dead,*" quoth the old woman, "*what, ween you by your tears to call him back again?*"¹ She dared say that Romeus within a month or two would be called back from exile, and she urged Juliet to arm herself with patience. At her own suggestion, she was sent to Laurence's cell, where Romeus lurked.

Laurence had bestowed Romeus in a place hidden and sealed.

When the Nurse came he sent Juliet word that Romeus
iii. 3. would visit her again that night at the usual hour. Then the Friar, shutting the door, gave to Romeus the tidings of his banishment. Hearing this, Romeus tore his hair, beat his breast on the ground, rose and struck his head against the walls, fell down again, and called for speedy death. The Friar tried to repress him but spoke to the air. With sobs and faltering tongue Romeus blamed Nature, the time and place of his birth, the cruel son of Venus, Fortune, himself for not being slain in the fight with Tybalt. In short, he blamed all the world but Juliet. Then the Friar broke in :

"*'Art thou,' quoth he, 'a man? Thy shape saith, so thou art;
Thy crying and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's heart . . .
So that I stood in doubt this hour, at the least,
If thou a man or woman wert, or else a brutish beast.'*"²

He reminded Romeus how valiantly he had slain his foe, while he, himself remained unhurt, and upbraided him for blaming Love and his fate. Then, like the Nurse, he foretold that Romeus would be called home "*with double honor*" in a short time. To this counsel Romeus gave ear and soon ceased to weep.

¹ It is Lady Capulet who uses this argument to Juliet in iii. 5. 71.

² Note Shakespeare's compression of the same thought, iii. 3. 109-11.

During the visit to his wife the same night, Juliet begged that she might accompany him in disguise to Mantua. But

iii. 5. Romeus would not listen to this plan for fear of pursuit and the cruel punishment of both by Capulet. He promised that he would, by the help of friends, within four months be recalled with honor. Fair Lucifer, the morning star, dawned too soon and the lovers parted. Romeus, disguised as a merchant-venturer, walked out of Verona's gates and on to Mantua, whence he sent his man with words of comfort to the Friar. There Romeus soon told his story to the Duke and began plotting for his pardon. But his fortune he ceased not to bewail. At Verona Juliet likewise mourned, growing so pale that her mother besought her to forget Tybalt's death. Juliet replied that she had shed "the last of Tybalt's tears," and henceforth they should not gush out "*by conduits of the eyne.*"

Unable to get at the root of her daughter's sorrow, the mother begged Capulet to provide a husband for the girl, thinking that her grief was wrought by envy of her married companions. The

i. 2. old man rejoined that these things had often been on his mind, but that he thought Juliet, who was scarce sixteen years old, "*too young to be a bride.*" Howsoever, he would try to find some one to cure her sickness. Conferring with his friends, he discovered many who wished his daughter's hand because she was both fair and wise, and her father's only heir. Of all the suitors he liked best the County Paris, and promised to do all in his power to bring about a match between him and Juliet. The wife joyed to receive the tidings.

Lady Capulet straightway hied to Juliet, telling her the plan of

"*her careful, loving father,*" and praising Paris's person,

iii. 5. his features, and his gifts of fortune. But when Juliet perceived her parents' intent, she thought that she would rather be torn asunder by wild horses than be forsworn. So she answered her mother with unaccustomed boldness. Rather than grant him to possess her smallest part, she would slay herself. On her knees she pleaded that she might be allowed to live as heretofore. Amazed, the mother sought her husband and told him all. "The testy old man, wroth," ordered the maid to be brought in at once. Juliet came willingly but fell weeping and grovelling at his feet. The father, calling her unthankful and disobedient, and reminding her of the power Roman fathers had over their children, declared that "*both thou and I unworthy are too much*" of Paris, and swore that if "*by Wednesday next,*" at "*our castle called Free-*

town," she would not assent to Paris's suit, he would give all he had "away from her," and then "wed" her for life to a close and hard jail.¹ Then father and mother departed, and Juliet sought her chamber to eke out the night with weeping.

Early in the morning she again went to the Friar, and to him poured forth all her grief, threatening to end her life that day. Alarmed, the Friar went to his chamber and meditated on the danger to her, to Romeus, and to himself if the truth were made public. At last pity won his heart, and taking out of his closet a little glass containing a certain powder, he returned to Juliet. Charging her to keep this secret from all, even the Nurse,² he advised her to cast off fear, and early on her marriage day, to fill the vial with water and drink it off. In half an hour she would fall into a slumber, which her kinsmen and friends would take for death. She would be buried in the costly tomb of her forefathers, and there rest until Romeus came from Mantua and with the Friar took her unharmed from the tomb. Then she and Romeus might go to Mantua and live there in secret until time came to make the news known. To this plan Juliet gladly assented.

Meeting her mother on the return home, the girl told her that she had confessed her sins to the Friar and had promised to be ordered by him. Therefore, though she had long forsworn the rite of marriage, she was now willing to obey her mother's will and to marry the County at the appointed time and place. She would now go to her closet to pick out "*the bravest garments and the richest jewels there.*" Much pleased, "the simple mother" ran to give the news to Capulet, who in turn bore the tidings to Paris. He craved that he might visit Juliet at once. On her mother's advice Juliet gave Paris her most courteous speech and pleasant looks. Thus she so stole his away heart that he prayed the parents "*the wedlock knot to knit soon up.*"³ Great preparations were made for the wedding; there were such rich attire, such furniture, such abundance of dainties as one could wish for. Nothing seemed too dear for purchase.

To her Nurse Juliet told the same story as to her parents. The Nurse declared that she had done well, praising Paris ten times more than she had praised Romeus. Why should she languish for Romeus, who would not return? These wicked words greatly

¹ Cf. iii. 5. 141.

² In Shakespeare the motivation is much better. Juliet loses her confidence in the Nurse.

³ Cf. iv. 2. 24.

“dis-eased” Juliet. When the bride perceived her hour approach, she told the Nurse that she desired to sleep
 iv. 3. alone that night since she purposed to pray to “*the heavenly minds*” for their smiles “*upon the doings of to-morrow.*”¹ The Nurse then went away and shut the door. Following the Friar’s directions Juliet now made the mixture, but was suddenly shaken by a deadly fear of the course she had resolved on. What if the powder failed to work? “Is there any one,” she asked herself, “*so much past hope as I?*”² She became fearful of serpents, of the loathsome air of the tomb where her ancestors rested; she foresaw the danger of stifling before the coming of Romeus and the Friar.

“*And whilst she in these thoughts doth dwell somewhat too long,
 The force of her imagining did wax anon so strong,
 That she surmised she saw, out of the hollow vault,
 A grisly thing to look upon, the carcase of Tybalt;
 Right in the selfsame sort that she few days before
 Had seen him in his blood embrued, to death eke wounded sore.
 And then when she again within herself had weighed
 That quick she should be buried there, and by his side be laid,
 All comfortless, for she shall living fere have none,
 But many a rotten carcase, and full many a naked bone;
 Her dainty tender parts gan shiver all for dread,
 Her golden hairs did stand upright upon her chillish head.
 Then pressèd with the fear that she there livèd in,
 A sweat as cold as mountain ice pierced through her slender skin,
 That with the moisture hath wet every part of hers:
 And more besides, she vainly thinks, whilst vainly thus she fears,
 A thousand bodies dead have compassed her about,
 And lest they will dismember her she greatly stands in doubt.
 But when she felt her strength began to wear away,
 By little and little, and in her heart her fear increasèd aye,
 Dreading that weakness might, or foolish cowardice,
 Hinder the execution of the purposed enterprise,
 As she had frantic been, in haste the glass she caught,
 And up she drank the mixture quite, withouten farther thought.
 Then on her breast she crossed her arms long and small,
 And so, her senses failing her, into a trance did fall.*”

Soon after sunrise the Nurse opened the door, calling softly, then louder, “*Lady you sleep too long; the Earl will raise*
 iv. 5. *you by and by.*” But she spoke to the deaf, for there lay Juliet’s body stiff and colder than marble. Returning in haste to the mother, with scratched face and torn hair, “*Dead,*

¹ Cf. iv. 3.2-4

² Cf. iv. 1. 45.

quoth she, ‘*is my child.*’” Lady Capulet rushed to her daughter’s bed and was soon crying out on Death. And while she thus lamented, the father, Paris, and a company of gentleman and ladies of Verona pressed in to honor the wedding feast; but hearing the heavy news they mourned as if it was the day of wrath. More than all the rest was the father’s heart smitten, so “that he ne had the power his daughter to bewEEP ne yet to speak.” If ever there was a “*lamentable day*,” that was it.

While Juliet slept, Friar Laurence sent a letter by a trusty friar of his house to Romeus, in which he wrote of everything
 v. 2. that had passed, and begged him to come the next night to take Juliet out of the tomb. Friar John with this letter hastened to Mantua, but, following an Italian custom, went to a house there to get another friar to accompany him about the the town. Having entered the house, he might not come out again because one brother a day or two before had died of the plague, and all within had been charged not to go outside their convent gate. Knowing not what the letter held, he deferred till the morrow to send to Romeus.

Meanwhile Verona was busied about Juliet’s obsequies.

“*Now is the parents’ mirth quite changed into moan,
 And now to sorrow is returned the joy of every one;
 And now the wedding weeds for mourning weeds they change,
 And Hymenë into a dirge; — alas! it seemeth strange:
 Instead of marriage gloves, now funeral gloves they have,
 And whom they should see married, they follow to the grave.
 The feast that should have been of pleasure and of joy,
 Hath every dish and cup filled full of sorrow and annoy.*”¹

The body of the girl with uncovered face was borne on the bier to the Capulets’ tomb. So it came about that Romeus’s man, who had been sent to Verona to spy out the doings of the Capulets, met his master’s wife on the way to her burial. Because he knew her death would touch most his master, he “*hied away in*
 v. 1. *post*” to carry him the news, announcing that he himself had seen her laid within the tomb. With open ears Romeus too soon received this message; his spirit was almost ready to break out of its prison house. But the sudden fancy occurred to him that if he died near her, his death would be a hundred thousand times more glorious, and his lady better pleased. Drying his tears he walked abroad, commanding his servant to

¹ Cf. iv. 5. 84–90

stay in the chamber. At the door of a drug shop sat unbusied an apothecary, whose poverty Romeus guessed from his countenance and the few boxes displayed. Although the city's law forbade the sale of poison, Romeus believed that this man might sell what could not be got by friendship. He therefore offered him fifty gold crowns to deliver poison that would kill in less than a half-hour one who should devour it. Won by covetise, the wretch sought poison and gave to Romeus, saying that half of the "*speeding gear*" would serve to kill in less than a half-hour the strongest man alive.

Romeus then again sent his man, Peter by name,¹ to Verona, charging him to provide lights and instruments for opening the tomb, but not to bewray his master's secrets. Ordering ink and paper, Romeus penned a letter to his sire, telling his whole story and his plan to take his life. He then hired a post-horse, and with the shade of night entered Verona, where he met

v. 3. Peter waiting with lantern and tools wherewith to pry open the tomb. Getting his man's aid in removing the stone before the sepulchre, Romeus sent him off with strict charge not to come near him, but to present the letter to Montague next day. Now he descended into the tomb and beheld with piteous eye his wife's body. A hundred times he kissed and embraced her. At length he drew out the poison and devoured the greater part. Next calling on Juliet, he affirmed that he could not wish for a more glorious tomb than to be buried with her. Turning to Tybalt's corpse, he cried with outstretched hands for mercy, demanding to know what more amends the slain man could ask than to see his slayer poison himself before him. Finally praying Christ for pity on his sinful soul, he fell dead upon Juliet's corpse.

The Friar knowing the instant that Juliet should waken, but wondering that he heard not from Romeus, went to the tomb with meet instruments. Horrified to see a light there, he learned from Peter that his master had been in the tomb some half-hour. Both entering found the breathless corpse of Romeus. Just then Juliet awaking knew Laurence and at once asked, "Where is my Romeus?" The Friar fearing that they should be taken, pointed to the corpse and told all that had taken place. He then tried to instil patience in her, promising to place her in some religious house, where she could abide the rest of her days in peace. But as soon as she saw Romeus, "*she did unstop the conduit of her tears,*" she

¹ Balthasar in Shakespeare, while Peter is the Nurse's stupid boy.

tore her hair, embraced his corpse, and kissed him a thousand times. Just then the Friar and Peter, hearing a sudden noise, fled. Left alone Juliet drew the dagger worn by Romeus, and embracing and kissing him once more, girt her heart through.

The watch, seeing a light in the tomb, suspected enchanters and went inside to learn the truth. There they found Romeus and Juliet dead in each other's arms, and discovering the two murderers, as they thought, lodged them that night in a deep dungeon. Next day the Prince ordered an open examination, and had the two bodies placed on a high stage. The Friar defended himself in a long discourse, and his story was borne out by Peter and by the letter of Romeus. The Prince then decreed that the Friar and Peter should go free, but that the Nurse should be banished and the Apothecary hanged. Friar Laurence "of himself" retired to a hermitage, where he died five years later. The Capulets and the Montagues, now won by pity, forgot their enmity. And the bodies of Romeus and Juliet were raised into one stately tomb, which is still to be seen in Verona.

2. PAINTER'S VERSION OF THE STORY

The story of "Rhomeo and Julietta" forms the twenty-fifth novel in the second volume of William Painter's prose *Palace of Pleasure*, first published 1567, five years after Brooke's poem. The novel is entitled, "The goodly history of the true, and constant love betweene Rhomeo and Julietta, the one of whom died of poyson, and the other of sorrow, and hevinesse: wherein be comprysed many adventures of love, and other devises touchinge the same." Painter's version follows closely the French version of Boaistuau, in his *Histoires Tragiques* (1559), which is also the source of Brooke. But Brooke enlarged on his story and modified it considerably, where Painter adhered to the original. Thus the differences between Brooke and Painter are due almost entirely to Brooke's changes. These differences may be briefly summed up:

So far as incidents go, Painter does not mention the bribery of the Nurse by Juliet or Romeo, says little of the Nurse's visit to Romeo, nothing of her teasing announcement of Romeo's message to Juliet, and nothing of Romeo's behavior in the Friar's cell on hearing his doom of banishment; and he makes Juliet eighteen years old instead of sixteen. As to names of characters Painter has Rhomeo; Julietta; Montesches; Capellets; Señor Escala, or

Lord Bartholomew of Escala ; Anthonie Capellet (for Brooke's Old Capilet, or simply Capilet); Thibault ; Pietro or Petre ; Paris, Count of Lodronne ; Friar Anselm (for Friar John) ; the castle is Villafranco (for Freetown) ; all in place of the corresponding forms in Brooke. It will be observed that Shakespeare almost invariably follows the poem. But this is not all, for Brooke has really created a living comic character in the garrulous, vulgar, shrewd old Nurse, and has given Shakespeare valuable hints for the development of other characters. Moreover the longer, more prolix narrative of Brooke contains many details not found in Painter, and the verbal similarities noted between Shakespeare and Brooke are usually not to be discovered when Painter's version is compared with Shakespeare's. All this makes it evident that Shakespeare was following Brooke rather than Painter in composing this drama.

But we know that Shakespeare read other stories in the *Palace of Pleasure*, and it would be strange if he had not read this one before writing a play on the same subject. For same details, trivial enough in themselves, Shakespeare was apparently indebted to Painter, though there is a slight possibility that he read Boastuau in the original French. (1) In Painter the Friar tells Julietta that the powder's force will continue "forty houres at the least," while in Shakespeare (iv. 1. 105) it is "two and forty hours." Brooke has no such specific reference. (2) Painter says Romeo paid the apothecary fifty ducats for his poison, Shakespeare (v. 1. 59) has forty ducats, but Brooke puts it fifty crowns of gold. These details add something to the natural probability that Shakespeare read Painter's work.

APPENDIX C

THE DUTCH VERSION OF 1634

The Dutch play of *Romeo en Juliette* in alexandrine couplets, was written about 1630 (published 1634) by Jacob Struijs. The argument that this drama is in reality a fairly literal translation of the English play seen by Brooke before 1562 is elsewhere¹ discussed. While it cannot be said that Dr. Fuller's case is, in the light of present evidence, established, yet many considerations make his theory plausible. The summary of the Dutch play which follows is based entirely on the more complete summary of Dr. Fuller in the article referred to.²

Table showing Agreements between Shakespeare and Struijs

NOTE. — The table below shows the scenes in Struijs's play that correspond to scenes in Shakespeare. Scenes in Struijs not having correspondence with any part of Shakespeare are bracketed. The table is based entirely on Fuller's summary of Struijs.

SHAKESPEARE.	STRUIS.
Prologue.	Prologue.
i. 1. 1-165.	. .
166-244.	i. 1.
2. 1-33.	i. 4.
34-106.	. .
3.	. .
4.	. .
5.	i. 1.
ii. 1.	. .
2.	i. 2.
3.	i. 3.

¹ Introduction, "Sources of the Plot."

² *Modern Philology*, iv, 100-7 (1906).

SHAKESPEARE	STRUJIS
4.	. .
5.	. .
6.	i. 5.
. .	[ii. 1, ii. 2, ii. 3.]
iii. 1. 1-141.	ii. 4.
142-202.	iii. 1.
2.	iii. 2.
3.	iii. 3.
4.	iv. 2.
5. 1-64.	iv. 1.
. . . .	[iv. 3.]
65-242	iv. 4.
iv. 1.	iv. 5.
2.	iv. 6.
3.	v. 1.
4.	. .
5.	v. 2.
. .	[v. 3.]
v. 1.	v. 4.
2.	v. 5.
3.	v. 6.

STRUJIS'S PLAY SUMMARIZED

Act i. Scene 1 corresponds to some extent to Shakespeare, i. 1. 166 ff. Romeo, depressed, acknowledges to Phebidas (= Mercutio) that he is engaged in a hopeless love. He then recounts the story of his first meeting with Juliette at a banquet in Capellets' house, to which he went masked, adding that she pressed his hand during the evening with amorous sighs. Realizing the impossibility of any marriage between the two hostile houses, he is nevertheless overcome with passion, and walks by Juliette's house each night, hoping for an opportunity to address her. Phebidas, seeing the futility of protest, wishes his friend well.

The second scene corresponds to Shakespeare, ii. 2. Romeus under Juliet's window exclaims :

"Oh that the blessed window would once open, behind which my goddess lies in sweetest slumber ! Through its opening streaming, my bright sun could quicken this half-dead soul of mine. O my dear love, knowest thou not my passion ? Doth thy heart's blood not violently keep time with mine ? Methinks that, were

my lady in such plight, I should a witness of it have within me. O heavens ! what do I see ? A light in my lady's room begins to burn ; my heart thrills and bounds from fear and joy. Oh, might I once accost my goddess on this spot, then were the burden lifted from my heart. Soft ! let me listen to what she says.

“ [*Juliette leans out of the window.*]

“ *Jul.* What troubled voice laments below me here ? Who is it here goes prowling alone in the darkness and breaks my light sleep ? Ah, by the moon's light I now see Romeo sheltered, 'neath my window standing.”¹

The remaining incidents of the scene follow as in Shakespeare, and Romeo goes away to Friar Lourens to arrange for the marriage. The Friar in the next scene, just as in Shakespeare, ii. 3, soliloquizes for about twenty lines² until interrupted by the arrival of Romeo. He reluctantly consents to wed the pair next day. Scene 4 discovers Capellets, Thibout, and Paris discussing the feud, especially Romeo's intrusion at the banquet.

“ *Thibout.* Alas ! friend Paris, it was the greatest agony for me not to chastise his impudence on the spot ; my blood boiled from top to toe. And if it had not been for dishonoring the company I would have split his head in two before the eyes of all.

“ *Capellets.* It is better that you did not so.

“ *Paris.* There would have been little honor in it, too.

“ *Thibout.* Be it shame or honor, I say it here, and I swear it, that I shall be Romeo's undoing the very next time I meet him ; or, if not, then he shall make me greet the dust.

“ *Capellets.* Pardon his youth.

“ *Paris.* He hath done little that is wrong.

“ *Thibout.* No, my friend, not you nor anyone shall talk me out of this.

“ *Capellets.* Be better advised.”³

For some time they continue to converse on kindred subjects, Juliet entering meanwhile to obtain her father's permission to attend confession. Then, as the closing scene of the act, follows the wedding of the two lovers acted in pantomime.

Act ii. opens with a monologue by Paris, professing his love for Juliette. Scene 2 contains the visit of Romeo to his wife's cham-

¹ Fuller, *op. cit.*, pp. 7-8. Cf. ii. 2. 2 ff.

² Fuller's translation will be found in a note to ii. 3. 1.

³ Fuller, *op. cit.*, p. 10. Cf. i. 5. 56 ff.

ber on the wedding night. Scene 3 prepares for the conflict between the Capellets and the Montesches, Paris trying in vain to quell the spirits of his own party. In the following scene Phebidas and a party of Montesches after an evening of pleasure, are attacked by the Capellets under Thibout. Romeo enters just in time to see Phebidas killed by Thibout. He tries to separate the combatants, but is forced to fight, and ends by slaying Thibout.

Act iii. opens with the judgment of Romeo's perpetual banishment from Verona. The next scene may be compared with Shakespeare, iii. 2, beginning with Juliette's lament for Thibout and denunciation of Romeo, followed by her repentance, and closing with the Nurse's going out to meet Romeo in the Friar's cell. The arrangement of the succeeding scene is almost identical with Shakespeare, iii. 3. Romeo at the cell of Lourens is raving over the news of his banishment, denouncing Fortune, and longing for death. The Friar, unable to calm him, is alarmed by a knock at the door. It comes from the Nurse, who reports Juliette in the same lamentable state as Romeo,¹ and the latter promises to visit his wife that night despite the Friar's opposition on account of the danger involved.

Act iv. Scene 1, like the first part of iii. 5 in Shakespeare, shows the lovers' last meeting in Juliette's chamber. Romeo refuses to let his wife accompany him as a page to Mantua, and they sorrowfully part. Next Paris comes forward to tell us that Juliette has been promised to him, and Romeo in another monologue bids farewell to Verona. Scene 4, Capellets expresses his indignation at Juliette's declining to obey his will, and threatens her with disinheritance if she persists. Then Lourens, in conversation with Juliette, proposes the sleeping potion as a means to escape the second marriage, and she consents to take it. The closing scene of the act, resembling Shakespeare, iv. 2, shows elaborate preparations for the wedding, amidst which the father sends word to Paris that Juliette is now willing for the match. Paris, delighted, comes to visit her.

Act v. Scene 1. Juliette dismisses the Nurse in order to take the sleeping potion, after the Nurse has advised her to go ahead and marry Paris. But the girl is overcome by fear. The ghost of Thibout appears, rebukes her for secretly wedding his enemy, and foretells her death. Juliette, calling upon Romeo, drinks off the potion. The next scene corresponds to Shakespeare, iv. 5. The

¹ Cf. note on iii. 3. 71 ff.

Nurse, attempting to wake Juliette, finds her apparently dead. Friends come in and lament her, a physician pronounces the death due to melancholy. In Scene 3, Friar Lourens delivers to Anselmus a letter for Romeo at Mantua. Romeo, in the following scene, learning from Pedro of Juliette's death, utters a long lament, and departs in search of poison. Anselmus announces in a monologue that through delay he has missed Romeo. "Then, in the final scene, we see Romeo in the act of forcing an entrance to Juliette's tomb. Pedro, meanwhile, afraid of seeing spooks, has withdrawn a little way, in hopes of falling asleep and of thereby dispelling his fears. In the tomb Romeo addresses tender words to Juliette, and after kissing her many times, and after begging forgiveness of Thibout's body, he drinks the poison, commends his soul to God, and dies. Juliette then awakes, but, finding her lord dead, she stabs herself with his sword. At this point Friar Lourens enters ; he wakes up Pedro and from him learns of Romeo's mistake. In utter despair he bids Pedro tell the parents of the lovers what a dreadful misfortune this feud has led to ; expresses the wish that peace may now reign between the two families ; and resolves herewith to retire to some solitary place, because he feels partially guilty for this tragedy" (Fuller).

APPENDIX D. METRE

I. SHAKESPEARE'S GENERAL USAGE

Shakespeare's dramas in general are said to be written in poetry, but a certain proportion of each play is prose. As a rule, when Shakespeare uses prose, the subject-matter is not serious. Clowns, servants, and people held to be of low social rank, employ

Prose. prose throughout the plays. So in *Romeo and Juliet* we should expect the quarrelsome servants in i. 1, Potpan and his fellows in i. 5, Peter and the musicians in iv. 5, to speak in prose. In the same class fall also most of the Nurse's speeches, though sometimes, following a well-established contemporary dramatic convention, her vehicle is a type of crude blank verse. Mercutio, speaking in i. 4, utters his fancies in lines of rare poetry, but the mere chaff of his jesting in ii. 4, and the opening of iii. 1, is rightly conveyed in plain prose. When one discovers a prose passage in the drama, justification for its use can be found in the content of the speeches.

All of Shakespeare's dramas likewise contain a certain number of rhymed verses. Particular cases of rhyme require different explanations. His earlier works show a greater proportion of rhymed lines than do his later, because the rhymed couplet was the conventional metre of the English drama immediately before

Rhyme. Shakespeare, just as it was in the later drama of Dryden and Congreve. In his first plays, then, Shakespeare made large use of the couplet, gradually discarding it as he went on writing. But two special uses of the couplet are found even in the latest plays: one or two couplets forming a "rhyme-tag," as in v. 1. 85-6, served to put the audience on notice that the scene was terminated; and sententious observations, like those of the Friar, ii. 3. 1-30, are given more point in rhyme than in blank verse. Moreover, the lighter, lyrical touch of some passages is better brought out in rhyme than in the more stately and dignified blank verse. Thus the rhyming sonnet-structure of the dialogue between *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 5. 94-112, befits the occasion.

But the normal metre of all Shakespeare's plays is blank verse, —that is to say, each line contains five dissyllabic feet, with the stress on the second syllable of the foot, and the lines are unrhymed. Thus the accent falls regularly on the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth syllables of the line, and every two syllables compose a foot. A typical line may be scanned :

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
He jests' at scars' that nev'- er felt' a wound'.									

The pause after the second foot ("at scars"), it will be noticed, is just a little longer than any other until the end of the line is reached. This mid-line pause is called the *cæsura*, Blank Verse : and generally can be found after the second or the third Type. foot. The pause at the close of the line, which is usually stronger than the *cæsura*, is known as the *end-pause*. The scansion of English verse depends chiefly on the accentuation of individual words and on the sense of the complete lines.

Difficulties met with in the scansion of many lines are due to the ignorance of the pronunciation of particular words in Elizabethan English. To an American such difficulties are increased because of the differences between his own Pronunciation. countrymen and the English in pronouncing words that are spelled alike by both. It must be remembered that in the past three centuries English spelling has changed far less than English pronunciation. Much of Shakespeare, enunciated as it must have been in his own day, would sound strange to our ears.

In most words at the present time usage has fixed the accent on one syllable, so that the word is never accented differently by careful speakers. But in Elizabethan times much more latitude was permissible, and a poet could adopt either pronunciation of a word that suited his metrical scheme. For example, to-day we make a clear distinction in meaning between the two verbs, *con'jure* and *conjure'*, but Shakespeare in this play uses *con'jure* (ii. 1. 6 and ii. 1. 29) in the modern sense of *conjure'*, while (ii. 1. 26) he has *conjured'* in exactly the same sense. The accentuation of a given word thus depends largely on its position in the line. For pronouncing adjectives a convenient rule is that stated by Schmidt (*Shakespeare Lexicon*, vol. ii. Appendix), that where an adjective precedes a monosyllabic noun, or a noun accented on the first syllable, the adjective is not to be accented on the last syllable.

Some words through contraction or slurring, not indicated in the text, lose one or two syllables. *Towards* (i. 1. 131) and *warrant* (iv. 5. 1) are probably to be treated as mono syllables. Contraction of two hastily pronounced words probably explains i. 5. 27; thus:

You're wel' | come gen' | t'l'men! Come', | musi'- |
cians, play'!

In certain words having a very light syllable, this syllable may be either slurred over or brought out strongly. The two names, *Romeo* and *Juliet*, are each generally dissyllabic, but each one appears as a trisyllable in some lines of the play. Line ii. 6. 9, contains both *vi'-o-lent'* and *vi'-olent*, pronounced in three syllables and two syllables respectively.

Between two vowels, *th*, *v*, *w*, and *h* are frequently dropped, and the vowels coalesce in one syllable. So such words as *heaven*, *devil*, *ever*, *either*, may be taken as having one syllable or two, according to the demands of the metre. By similar vowel coalescence *fire*, *friar*, and *hour* are usually treated as monosyllabic, though *friar* is dissyllabic in v. 3. 187. Words ending in *-ion*, *-ius*, or *-ious* generally have a fixed pronunciation for us. In Shakespeare's day these suffixes were treated as one syllable or as two indifferently. So the word *division* (iii. 5. 29) was pronounced in four syllables though we never allow it more than three. Similarly the *-ed* of the past participle in many verbs might be made into a separate syllable or not according to rhythmic exigencies.

A converse lengthening process developed extra syllables occasionally. Between the liquids *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*, and another consonant, an intermediate vowel sound sometimes appeared. *Entrance* in i. 4. 8 is to be pronounced *enterance* though it has only two syllables in v. 3. 141. One must not expect either the contraction or the lengthening to be marked in the printing of the text.

But much of the seeming irregularity of Shakespeare's verse is undoubtedly due to a deliberate intention on his part to Variety. introduce variety. Every reader of Pope's poetry, owing to the ceaseless regularity of its rhythmic beat, must feel the monotony of the measure. Pope's aim was to be "a correct poet," and as a rule no alteration can make his lines metrically smoother. But Shakespeare would not be bound by every petty rule of the strict prosodist, and his poetry is more natural, more flexible, and more genuinely rhythmical on that account.

Sometimes this variety is gained in the insertion of an extra unstressed syllable, which is to be hurried over in the reading of the line. This may appear at the *cæsura* :

But thou' | slew'st Tyb' (alt) ; || there' art | thou
hap' | py too' (iii. 3. 138).

It is more common, however, at the end of the line, forming what is technically called the "feminine ending."

And there' | an end'. | But what' | say you' | to Thurs'(day)?
(iii. 4. 28).

Conversely, an unstressed half-foot is sometimes omitted immediately after a pause. The pause really makes up for the omitted syllable.

^ Nurse' ! | ^ Wife' ! | What, ho' ! | What, nurse,' | I say' (iv. 4. 23).

A more frequent device of the [poet to avoid monotony is to vary his stress. Sometimes the accent is to be placed on Stress. the first syllable, instead of the second, in one or more of the feet.

1st. Turn' thee, | Benvo' | lio, look' | upon' | thy death' (i. 1. 74).
1st and 3d. Love' is | a smoke' || raised' with | the fume' | of
sighs' (i. 1. 196).

Stress inversion occurs most frequently in the first foot, and somewhat less frequently, immediately after the *cæsura*.

Many lines have in certain feet weak stresses substituted for the usual strong stress.

Togeth' | er with' | the ter' | ror of' | the place' (iv. 3. 38).

Occasionally such weak stresses are balanced by two long stresses in an adjoining foot :

Add'ing | to clouds' | more' clouds' | with' his | deep' sighs' (i. 1. 139).

Again variety may be gained by the shifting of pauses, *i. e.* the *cæsura* or the end-line pause. Thus the shift of *cæsura* from its regular position is exemplified :

What said my man, When my betossed soul
Pauses. Did not attend him as we rode? || I think (v. 3. 76-7).

When the end-pause is lacking, we have what is known as the *run-on* or *unstopped* line, common in the latest of Shake-

I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? (iv. 3. 31-2).

Lines *Rom.* Good mor' | row fa' | ther.
Broken. *Fr. L.* Ben' | edic' | ite' (ii. 3. 31).

Jul. To-mor | row will | I send. |
Rom. So thrive | my soul —
Jul. A thou | sand times | good night ! (ii. 2. 154-5).

Jul. I do | beseech | thee —
Nurse. Mad | am !
Jul. By- | and-by | I come (ii. 2. 151-2).

Make haste, | I say. | — | — | — |

On the other hand, Shakespeare's plays, like Pope's poetry, contain a certain small number of six-foot verses, or *alexandrines*. Concerning these one should be slow to dogmatize. Contraction,

elision, and slurring may remove mountains. An apparent hexameter line is spoken by Juliet, ii. 2. 42, where the context implies no hasty utterance :

Belong | ing to | a man. | O be | some oth | er name !

Some incomplete or hypermetrical lines may be due to corruption of the text, an explanation that seems to apply to ii. 5. 15-7 of this play.

The reader, however, must guard against the assumption that there can be one and only one way to scan a line. Often one is guided by personal taste or preference to choose this method of scansion rather than that one, and he cannot be sure that the same consideration will appeal with equal force to a second reader. Many lines of classic English poetry may not yield readily to rules of thumb in disclosing their metrical make-up ; but if one takes proper account of pauses, ejaculations, and parenthetical words of address, the rhythm is likely to take care of itself.

II. THE METRE OF *Romeo and Juliet*.

In general, *Romeo and Juliet* presents no unusual metrical difficulties, for the rhythm as a whole is notably regular. The play contains a small proportion of prose lines, and a fair amount of rhyme, arranged both alternately and in couplets. Its most marked distinction metrically is the number of lyric measures to be found therein. Particularly the sonnet form is employed several times. The Prologue of the play, the Prologue to Act ii, and i. 5. 95-108, form complete Shakespearian sonnets ; while i. 2. 46-51, i. 2. 93-8, v. 3. 12-7, and v. 3. 305-10, are *sestettes* in verse Rhyme structure. All this argues a special interest on Shakespeare's part in this form of verse during his composition of this tragedy. Other lyric measures in the play are something close akin to the *epithalamium*, or marriage hymn, in iii. 2. 1-31, and a suggestion of the *aubade*, or dawn-song, in iii. 5. 1 ff. Such lyric notes are of course in thorough harmony with the general tone of the story. In the 3002 lines printed in Q 2 of *Romeo and Juliet*, 405 lines of prose¹ have been counted, 2111 lines

¹ The figures given here and in the table below are based chiefly on Furnivall's discussion of the subject in his Introduction to the *Leopold Shakspeare*. But the percentage of run-on lines in *Romeo and Juliet* is approximated from an independent count.

of blank verse, and 486 rhymed pentameter lines, or a percentage of rhyme equalling 18.7.

It has already been stated that a large proportion of rhyme in a Shakespearian play is one mark of early composition. For example, *Love's Labour's Lost*, one of Shakespeare's first plays, Metrical has a rhyme percentage of 63.2, while *The Tempest*, per-Tests for haps his last play, reaches the percentage of only 0.1. Date. Had we, then, no other evidence on the question, we should be inclined to call *Romeo and Juliet* an early play.

But several other metrical tests throw light on its date. One of these tests is that of "feminine endings," another of "run-on lines," and a third of "light or weak endings." By a feminine ending is meant the ending of a line where an extra half-foot occurs after the regular pentameter. Thus :

Receive in either by this dear encount | er.

Shakespeare's later works contain many more feminine endings than do his earlier ones. By a run-on, or unstopped, line is meant one in which there is no sense-pause at the end of the line. The run-on lines increase rapidly as Shakespeare continues to write. A light ending verse is one not feminine that ends with an auxiliary or some similar word which cannot be emphasized in the reading ; such are : *am, he, I, since*. A weak ending is one where the stress is even less ; conjunctions and prepositions, like *and, as, at, by, nor*, placed at the ends of lines, form weak endings. Now a table of comparison on these points between the three plays mentioned shows :

Name of play	Percentage of fem. endings	Percentage of run-on lines	No. of light endings	No. of weak endings
<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	7.26	12.7	6	1
<i>Love's Labour's Lost</i>	4.	5.2	3	0
<i>The Tempest</i>	32.	24.8	42	25

While one cannot rely on these tests absolutely, but must use them to confirm other and weightier evidence, they are helpful in making clear the relative chronological positions of many plays. In this case they confirm the placing of *Romeo and Juliet* as one of the early plays, though later than *Love's Labour's Lost*.

Below are listed several lines which may be difficult at first to scan properly. Most of them will be observed to be speeches of the Nurse, whose rudely formed blank verse requires frequent

contractions, particularly of prepositional phrases and auxiliary verbs.

1. (i. 3. 4) God' for' | bid'! Where's' | this girl'? | What, Ju-' | liet'!

or possibly,

God' for | bid'! ^ | ^ Where's' | this girl'? | What Ju'(liet).

2. (i. 3. 13) And yet' | to my teen' | be it spok(e)n' | I have' | but four'.
3. (i. 3. 17) Come Lam' | mas-eve' | at night' | shall she be' | fourteen'.
4. (i. 3. 25) Of all' | the days' | o' the year' | upon' | that day'.
5. (i. 3. 27) Sit'ing | i' the sun' | un'der | the dove'- | house wall'!
6. (i. 3. 36) For then' | she could stand' | alone'; | nay', by | the rood'.
7. (i. 5. 18)] Wel'come, | gentl'(e)men! | la'dies | that have' | their toes'.
8. (ii. 5. 51) My back' | o' t' oth(e)r' | side, — O,' | my back', | my back'!
9. (iii. 2. 87) ^All' | forsworn', | all naught', | all' dis | sem'(blers).
10. (iii. 5. 178) ^Day', | ^night', | ^hour', | tide, time, | work', play'.
11. (iv. 5. 1) Mis'tress! | what, mis' | tress! Ju' | liet! fast.' | I warr(a)nt' | her, she'.

No. 11 appears to be an alexandrine.

GLOSSARY

a' (i. 3. 40), he; a corruption of the pronoun.

affray (iii. 5. 33), frighten, make afraid. Anglo-Fr. *afroyer*, *effroyer*; late Lat. *exfridare*, disturb < *ex*, out of, + *fridus*, peace.

against (iii. 4. 32; iv. 1. 113), before, in expectation of the time when. Cf. *Hamlet*, i. 1. 158: "ever 'gainst that season comes."

ambuscado (i. 4. 84), ambuscade. "An affected re-fashioning of ambuscade after Sp. Here Englishmen may have confused the Sp. pa. pple. *emboscado*, ambushed . . . with the fem. sb. *emboscada*, ambuscade" (*N. E. Dict.*).

amerce (iii. 1. 195), punish by fining, mulct. A. Fr. *amercier*, fine, < *à*, to, + *merci*, mercy.

an, or **an if** (i. 1. 4, etc.; v. 1. 50), if. Spelled *and* in Elizabethan Eng., but in modern spelling distinguished from the copula, from which it is probably derived.

apt (iii. 1. 34; iii. 3. 157), ready, inclined. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 1. 160: "Live a thousand years, I shall not find myself so apt to die."

atomy (i. 4. 57), tiny being, mite. Lat. *atomî*, (pl. of

atomus, an atom) was treated as an English singular. Cf. *As You Like It*, iii. 5. 13: "The frail'st and softest things, Who shut their coward gates on atomies."

bandy (ii. 5. 14), beat to and fro as a tennis ball. Derivation uncertain but connected with Fr. *bander*, which has the same meaning.

beetle-brows (i. 4. 32), bushy or prominent eyebrows. See discussion of word in *N. E. Dict.*

behoveful (iv. 3. 8), suitable, required.

beshrew (ii. 5. 52; iii. 5. 223, 229), curse; a mild imprecation.

bill (i. 1. 80), "A kind of pike or halbert, formerly carried by the English infantry, and afterwards the usual weapon of watchmen" (*Nares*). A. S. *bil*, a sword.

butt-shaft (ii. 4. 16), an unbarbed arrow used in shooting at butts. Cupid's arrow was supposed not to be barbed.

canker (ii. 3. 30), a canker-worm, living on the buds and leaves of plants. Thus in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*,

- i. 1. 43: "In the sweetest bud The eating canker dwells." < O. Fr. *cancre*, *chancre* < Lat. *cancrum* (nom. *cancer*). So **canker'd** (i. 1. 102) means (1) eaten away, rusted, corroded; and then, (2) like a cancer, malignant.
- chapless** (iv. 1. 83), without a chap, or lower jaw, as in *Hamlet*, v. [1. 97: "Chapless and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade."
- cheerly** (i. 5. 16), cheerfully, gladly; a cry of encouragement used particularly by sailors.
- cheveril** (ii. 4. 87), kid leather, proverbial for its flexibility. M. E. *cheverelle* < O. Fr. *chevrele*, kid, — diminutive of *chèvre* < Lat. *capra*, goat.
- chop-logic** (iii. 5. 150), a person who chops logic, hence a sophistical debater. N. E. *Dict.* quotes Awdelay (1561): "Choplogyke is he that when his mayster rebuketh him of hys fault, he wyll geve hym XX wordes for one."
- conceit** (ii. 6. 30; iv. 3. 37), something conceived in the mind, imagination.
- conduct** (iii. 1. 129; v. 3. 116), conductor, guide. Cf. *Richard III*, i. 1. 45: "Hath appointed This conduct to convey me to the Tower."
- conjunction** (v. 3. 68), adjuration. So *Henry V*, i. 2. 29: "We charge you, in the name of God, take heed. . . . Under this conjunction speak, my Lord."
- cot-quean** (iv. 4. 6), a man doing household work or busying himself with women's affairs. Probably < *cot*, cottage, + *quean*, A. S. *cwēn*, woman.
- countervail** (ii. 6. 4), be of equal value to. < O. Fr. *contrevaloir*, < Lat. *contrā*, against, + *valēre*, be of worth.
- date** (i. 4. 3, 108; v. 3. 229), duration, term of existence. So *Titus Andronicus*, i. 1. 168: "Outlive thy father's days, And fame's eternal date." Hence **dateless** (v. 3. 115), without limit of time, eternal.
- digressing** (iii. 3. 127), deviating, departing, as in *Taming of the Shrew*, iii. 2. 109: "I am come to keep my word, Though in some part enforced to digress."
- distemperature** (ii. 3. 40), mental or physical disorder, as in *Pericles*, v. 1. 27: "Upon what ground is this distemperature?" Hence, **distemper'd** (ii. 3. 33), disordered.
- dowdy** (ii. 4. 43), slattern.
- dry-beat** (iii. 1. 82; iv. 5. 126), beat soundly; so *Pappe with an Hatchet* (1589): "A yonger brother, that means to drie beate those of the Elder house."
- endart** (i. 3. 98), thrust or dart in, from the figure of an arrow.
- enpierced** (i. 4. 19), pierced, wounded; sometimes spelled *impierced*.
- envious** (i. 1. 157; iii. 1. 173; iii. 2. 40), malignant, ma-

- licious, as frequently in Shakespeare. In ii. 2. 4, 7 the word has its modern sense of "jealous."
- fantastico** (ii. 4. 30), a fantastical, eccentric person. The only other instance of the word cited by editors is that by Steevens from Dekker's *Old Fortunatus*: "I haue reveld with kings, daunced with Queenes, dallied with Ladies, worne straunge attires, . . . seene fantasticoes, conuerst with humorists." It. *fantastico*.
- fashion-monger** (ii. 4. 35), one who affects the newest fashions, fop. Cf. Marston, *Scourge of Villanie* (1598): "Each quaint fashion-monger whose sole repute Rests in his trim gay clothes."
- fee-simple** (iii. 1. 35), absolute possession. < Anglo-Lat. *feodum simplex*, absolute property.
- fettle** (iii. 5. 154), prepare, make ready. Possibly < A. S. *fetel*, a chain, a band.
- flecked** (ii. 3. 3), dappled, spotted. Langland in *Piers Ploughman* speaks of "foules, with flekked fetheres."
- flee** (i. 5. 59), laugh scornfully, sneer. So *Much Ado about Nothing*, v. 1. 58: "Never flee and jest at me." Etymology uncertain but probably connected with Norw., Sw. *flira*, Dan. *flire*, grin.
- flirt-gill** (ii. 4. 162), woman of loose behavior. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, iv. 1: "You heard him take me up like a flirt-gill, and sing bawdy songs upon me." < *flirt* + *gill*, a girl, a jill, abbrev. of *gillian* < *Juliana*, < Lat. *Juliana*, prop. name.
- fond** (iii. 3. 52; iv. 5. 82), foolish, as in *King Lear*, iv. 7. 60: "I am a very foolish, fond old man." M. E. *fond*, *fanned*, pple. of *fennen*, act as a fool, possibly < O. Fries. *fonne*, > Sw. *fâne*, fool.
- ghostly** (ii. 2. 189; ii. 3. 45), spiritual. In Shakespeare the word always has this sense.
- gossamer** (ii. 6. 18), fine threads of a spider's silk floating in the air. M. E. *gos(e)somer(e)*, probably < *gōs*, goose + *somer*, summer. See *N. E. Dict.* for further note on word.
- haviour** (ii. 2. 99), deportment, bearing, behavior. < Fr. *aveir*, *avoir*, to have. The initial *h-* was introduced later from association with the English form of the verb. Not a clipped form of *behavior*, which comes from the verb *behave*, and has a separate history.
- hilding** (ii. 4. 44; iii. 5. 169), a base, worthless man or woman. Etymology uncertain; possibly < A. S. *hinderling* < *hinder*, behind, + *-ling*.
- hind** (i. 1. 73), menial, servant. < M. E. sg. *hine*, A. S. pl. *hīne*, apparently from gen. pl. *hīna* of *hīgan*, *hīwan*, members of a house-

- hold, domestics. So *N. E. Dict.*
- humour** (i. 1. 135, 147; ii. 1. 7), whim, caprice. In this sense the word is extremely common in late Elizabethan literature. Thus arose the "comedy of humours," in which the fun is derived from the peculiar whim governing each character.
- Jack** (ii. 4. 160; iii. 1. 12), a fellow, a knave. So *Richard III*, i. 3. 72: "Since every Jack became a gentleman, There's many a gentle person made a Jack."
- jealous-hood** (iv. 4. 13), perhaps jealousy, and so, using the abstract for the concrete, a jealous woman. *N. E. Dict.* suggests that we have here two words, *hood* referring to the type of female head or the hood of a spy, A. S. *hōd*; others explain as the regular suffix < A. S. *hād*, condition, as in *manhood*, *womanhood*.
- joint-stools** (i. 5. 7), jointed stools, folding chairs. Cf. 2 *Henry IV*, ii. 4. 269: "jumps upon join'd stools and swears with a good grade."
- learn** (iii. 2. 12; iv. 2. 17), teach, as frequently in Shakespeare, and still heard now.
- loggerhead** (iv. 4. 20) block-head, stupid person. The first part of the word, according to *N. E. Dict.*, was apparently "invented as expressing by its sound the notion of something heavy and clumsy."
- mammet** (iii. 5. 186), doll, puppet, baby. Contracted from *Mahomet* > *Maumet*, *Mawmet*, which came to signify an idol because mediæval Christians believed that the Mohammedans were idolaters. See Greenough and Kittredge, *Words and their Ways*, p. 377.
- marchpane** (i. 5. 9), a cake containing pounded almonds and sugar. Nares gives a recipe for the baking of one. Probably < Lat. *Martius*, of Mars, "having towers, castles and such like on them," + *panis*, bread, through O. Fr. *marcepain*.
- marry** (i. 3. 63; iv. 5. 8), a common Elizabethan ejaculation, probably derived from the name of the Virgin.
- measure** (i. 4. 10; i. 5. 52), a slow, stately dance, as in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 80: "Mannerly—modest, as a measure, full of state and ancients."
- minim** (ii. 4. 22), in music, the old name for a half-note; hence *minim rest*, a half-rest.
- minion** (iii. 5. 152), one made pert by too much petting, as in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i. 2. 92: "You, minion, are too saucy." Originally, a loved one, a darling, Fr. *mignon*.
- misadventure** (v. 1. 29; v. 3. 188), ill adventure, mischance, misfortune. So *misadventured* (Prol. 7), unfortunate. Neither word is used again by Shakespeare.
- mistemper'd** (i. 1. 94), un-

- natural, *i. e.*, not tempered for use in "civil brawls."
- mis-sheathed (v. 3. 205), ill sheathed, placed in the wrong scabbard.
- mouse-hunt (iv. 4. 11), obviously, a woman-hunter, but whether derived from the use of mouse as a term of endearment for a woman, or figuratively from a word denoting a weasel, a stoat, is uncertain. See Furness for notes of various commentators on the passage.
- nice (iii. 1. 159; v. 2. 18), trifling, unimportant, as in *Richard III.*, iii. 7. 175: "The respects thereof are nice and trivial." The original sense of the word was foolish; then, foolishly particular as to trifles. O. Fr. *nice* < Lat. *nescius*, ignorant.
- o'er-perch (ii. 2. 66), fly over. Used by Shakespeare nowhere else.
- partisan (i. 1. 80, 101), "a military weapon used . . . by footmen in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, consisting of a long-handled spear, the blade having one or more lateral cutting projections, variously shaped, so as sometimes to pass into the gisarme and the halberd" (*N. E. Dict.*).
- pilcher (iii. 1. 84), probably the leather scabbard of a sword, though no other instance of the word in that sense is known; related to *pilch*, a gown of skin or fur, < A. S. *pylece*, < L. Lat. *pellicea*, fem. sing. of *pelliceus*, of skin, < *pellis*, skin.
- present (iv. 1. 61; v. 1. 51), immediate, instant, as frequently in Shakespeare. So presently (v. 1. 21), immediately.
- prick-song (ii. 4. 21), written music in distinction from *plain song*. "The first notes used were small, square marks without stems, called pricks, or points" (*Clarke's Dictionary of Musical Terms*).
- princox (i. 5. 88), a pert youth, a coxcomb, < *prim* + *cock*; *princecock* is another form of the word.
- properer (ii. 4. 217), better-looking, handsomer; cf. *As You Like It*, iii. 5. 51: "You are a thousand times a properer man."
- reeky (iv. 1. 83), "reeking with malodorous vapors; strictly smoky, and hence foul" (Dowden).
- ropery (ii. 4. 154), roguery, rascality. *Roperipe* in Elizabethan English signified ripe for a rope, worthy of hanging. *Roper* meant a *roperipe* person. Dowden cites Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Chances*, iii. 1: "You'll leave this ropery When you come to my years."
- runagate (iii. 5. 90), vagabond; a corruption of M. E. *renegate*, an apostate, a renegade (due according to Skeat to popular etymology with *runne a gate*, run on the road) < O. Fr. *renegat* < Low Lat. *renegatus*, pa. ppl. of *renegare* < *re-*, again + *negare*, deny.
- skains-mate (ii. 4. 162), prob-

- ably "cut-throat companion" (Malone, Steevens), male ruffian. *N. E. Dict.* can throw no light on its derivation or meaning.
- slop** (ii. 4. 47), a form of loose trousers affected in the sixteenth century. So *Henry IV*, i. 2. 34, "about the satin for my short cloak and my slops." Cf. *O. Norse sloppr*, a long, loose gown < *sleppa*, to slip.
- solemnity** (i. 5. 59, 65; iv. 5. 61), a stately ceremony, festivity, often referring to a marriage feast; as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 1. 11: "the night Of our solemnities."
- spite** (ii. 1. 27), mortification, vexation. So *Hamlet*, i. 5. 189: "The time is out of joint: O cursed spite, That ever I was born to set it right!" In neither instance does the word carry the sense of personal malevolence, malice, that it bears to-day. Hence, in spite of (i. 1. 85; i. 5. 64), for the purpose of mortifying or vexing.
- still** (i. 1. 177; ii. 3. 27; iv. 3. 29) ever, always, as frequently in Shakespeare. Cf. *Macbeth*, v. 5. 2: "The cry is still 'They come.'"
- store** (i. 2. 22), large number, abundance.
- sweeting** (ii. 4. 83), a kind of apple, called also bitter-sweet.
- tassel-gentle** (ii. 2. 160), ter-
- cel-gentle, the male hawk, used in falconry. *M. E. tercel, tercelet*, *O. Fr. tiercel* < Late Lat. *tertiolus*, diminutive of Lat. *tertius*, third. So called either because the male hawk was supposed to be a third larger than the female, or because it was supposed that every third bird in the nest was a male. The *tassel-gentle* and the *falcon-gentle*, so termed because of their "familiar, courteous disposition," were commonly appropriated to the prince in his hunting.
- teen** (i. 3. 13), sorrow, as *Complaint of Venus*, 808: "My face is full of shame, my heart of teen." *M. E. tene*, *A. S. tēona*, reproach, < *tēon*, accuse.
- tetchy** (i. 3. 32), peevish, fretful, < *M. E. tecche, tache*, habit, vice < *O. Fr. teche*, *Fr. tache*, spot, blemish.
- trencher** (i. 5. 2), a large wooden plate. < *O. Fr. trenchoir*, a carving place < *trencher*, to carve.
- truckle-bed** (ii. 1. 39), trundle-bed, a bed on wheels which might be pushed under a larger bed.
- versal** (ii. 4. 219), the Nurse's word for universal; a common vulgarism of the time.
- wanton** (ii. 2. 178), "a merry rogue, a tomboy" (Schmidt).
- ware** (i. 1. 131; ii. 2. 103), aware, as in *As You Like It*, ii. 4. 58: "Thouspeakest wiser than thou art ware of."

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